

A. M. D. G.

The
Springhillian

Spring Hill College

Mobile, Alabama




The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the Boys of the Present and the Past.



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Contents

	Page
THE NEW YEAR (Rhapsody).....	<i>William K. Nicrosi, '10</i> 1
THE STORY THE SNOWFLAKES TOLD.....	<i>Joseph P. Newsham, '12</i> 2
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS! (Poem).....	<i>Thomas P. Hale, '11</i> 4
WOODLAND SKETCHES	5
TO THE OLD MILL.....	<i>Earl Eastin, '12</i> 5
THE FIRST ROBIN	<i>A. Vasquez, '12</i> 5
THE MOUNTAIN PINE.....	<i>Joseph Newsham, '12</i> 6
THE REWARD OF CHARITY.....	<i>John B. Roche, 2nd Acad.</i> 7
A CHRISTMAS CRADLE (Poem).....	<i>Rev. J. B. Tabb</i> 9
A WEIRD EXPERIENCE.....	<i>John B. Rives, '13</i> 10
IMMACULATE (Poem).....	<i>B. C. D.</i> 11
SIDNEY LANIER (Biography).....	<i>George L. Mayer, '12</i> 12
AN APPRECIATION OF LANIER.....	<i>M. Humbert Diaz, '12</i> 15
SUCCESS (Verse).....	<i>Alumnus</i> 19
OUR SURVEYING EXPEDITION.....	<i>James E. Duggan, '10</i> 20
A CHILD OF MERCY.....	<i>John McCarthy, '11</i> 22
WHERE POETS DREAM (Poem).....	<i>James D. McIntyre, '11</i> 25
THE POLAR EXPEDITIONS.....	<i>Harry J. Prevost, '12</i> 26
RIP'S REAL AWAKENING.....	<i>Thomas P. Hale, '11</i> 32
THE PRISONERS (Poem).....	<i>J. C. R.</i> 34
A VISIT TO ROME.....	<i>W. Miller, '13</i> 41
EDITORIALS	43
COLLEGE NOTES	47
ALUMNI	53
IN MEMORIAM (Poem).....	58
DR. JAMES PINCKNEY BOOTH	59
DE NATIVITATE CHRISTI.....	61
ATHLETICS	62
SOCIETIES.....	70
EXCHANGES	74



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OUR NEW CHAPEL.—1. View from Entrance. 2. View from Garden.

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JANUARY, 1910

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The New Year

A RHAPSODY

With solemn step and muffled drum,
The warriors come.
They bear the corse of chieftain slain;
The rank and file his funeral train.
No sound of joy
The mourners' ears profane.
The dead king's boy
His sire's stately throne
He now proclaims his own.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Loud sounds the drum, bells ring:
"The king is dead! Long live the king!"

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

The old year is dying
'Mid mourners few;
The watchers are crying:
"Ring out the old, ring in the new!"

Wm. H. Nicrossi, '10

The Story the Snowflake Told

It was the night before Christmas, and as I sat in my favorite chair and faced the open hearth, my thoughts wandered back to boyhood days in Old Vermont. What pleasant memories, they, of the bustle and excitement in preparing for the coming of Santa Claus! How the fireplace was swept clean and new pine logs placed ready to burn. And how the stockings were hung all in a row. Five there were in those days, but now— Suddenly strange voices floated quietly into the study. I glanced around quickly. I was alone in the room and yet—I arose and went to the window, for it was from there apparently the sound came; I raised it and looked out. It had just begun to snow and a few flakes rested quietly on the window-sill. I was about to brush them off, when the same voices that had aroused me from my reverie, now struck my ear with remarkable clearness. Believe me, gentle reader, you cannot be more surprised than I was when I heard these very snowflakes conversing among themselves in voices that sounded as sweet and musical as the silver chimes of some fairy cathedral. They had been conversing for some time, but I will relate, as I heard it, the story the snowflakes told.

"Can you tell me if Mr. Santa Claus lives here?" asked the little girl.

The boy jumped to his feet and half asleep drawled out, "No; what made you think he lived here?"

"Well," was the reply, as she pointed towards Smith's Department Store, "Mr. Santa Claus ought to live in that house, it's so awfully big. And then all these boxes! Will you help me look for my box? Aren't you Santa Claus' little boy?"

The boy was not tall and as the little girl while looking for her Christmas box, had found him all covered with snow, she had concluded that he was Santa Claus' little boy.

At this part of the narrative all the snowflakes laughed right merrily. The one that was telling the story laughed too, and then continued.

"Why, little girl," exclaimed the boy after he had apologized most humbly for being but a poor newsboy and in no ways related to Santa Claus, "what are you doing out so late?"

"Mr. Santa Claus forgot to put something in my stocking," she replied, trying hard to keep back the tears.

"Where's your stocking?" he asked.

"Here it is," the child eagerly answered, producing at the same time a wee little stocking and thinking, no doubt, that after all, perhaps this was Santa Claus' little boy.

"Goodness me! that's too small."

The little face looked straight up at his, seeming to say, well why didn't I think of that? No wonder he put nothing in it!

"Of course not," he continued, "of course not; it's altogether too small."

Disappointment now took possession of the little one and the tears that had been kept back so long, now flowed freely and her little body shook in her child grief. The poor boy did everything he could to comfort her, but all in vain. First he took out an old knife, but opening and shutting four rusty blades soon becomes monotonous. Even a bunch of keys failed to distract her from her sorrows. Then he thought of his locket. Often while at home he had amused his baby sister by hanging it around her neck. Out it came from the recesses of his pocket and with it, the desired result. As she stood there radiant with joy, her eyes sparkling through the tears and the snowflakes on her hair and shoulders glittering in the light, she seemed like one of those little angels that nestled up close to the Infant Saviour as He lay in the crib at Bethlehem.

Here the snowflakes stopped speaking, and I thought at first that the story was ended. The word Bethlehem must have reminded them of years ago and they were thinking of the things that had come to pass in those days; but the narrator soon resumed his tale.

"What he was to do with his charge was now uppermost in the boy's mind.

Just then the chimes from St. Cecilia's pealed forth their welcome notes to the New-born King. Both children listened attentively, smiling with pleasure to hear the bells. A few minutes of silence ensued and then as lightly as if they floated on flakes of snow, came the words,

*"Adeste fideles laeti triumphantes
Venite, venite in Bethlehem."*

"There he is! there he is!" cried the little girl clapping her hands with joy. "That's Santa Claus. Hear the bells and all the singing!"

"Natum videte Regem Angelorum," continued the Christmas Carol.

"Hurry up, we'll be late," and placing her little hand in his, they trudged along through the snow in the direction whence the music came, while still the welkin rang,

"Venite adoremus, venite adoremus."

Meanwhile other flakes had joined the few that had first gathered on my window-sill and began to crowd the little raconteur. Gradually his voice grew weaker, smothered by his gay, restless brothers. Fearing to lose the thread of the story, I gently brushed aside the topmost layer of snow, but alas! my heavy hand must have crushed him also, for no sound other than the jingling of sleigh bells reached my ear. After waiting for a while I closed the window and retired to my study wondering if the story were true, and, if so, what had become of the two little waifs.

J. P. Newsham, '12

Gloria in Excelsis!

"Gloria in excelsis!"

The tiny snowflakes sing,
As they gently rest on hill and crest,
To greet the new-born king.

"Gloria in excelsis!"

The wind cries as it blows,
And crooning it's song, it hurries along
To the land of northern snows.

"Gloria in excelsis!"

The stars spell in the sky,
In letters of gold as they did of old,
"Glory to God on high!"

"Gloria in excelsis!"

The mountain echoes say
With deeping sound and endless rebound
To the cave where Jesus lay.

"Gloria in excelsis!"

The merry church bells ring
From turret and tower at the midnight hour,
To welcome the Infant King.

"Gloria in excelsis!"

Are the words the waters sigh
To the shores that keep the bounds of the deep,
"Glory to God on high!"

"Gloria in excelsis!"

Resounds the earth as of yore,
The dark night breaks, the world awakes,
And Christmas comes once more.

Thos. P. Hale, '11

Woodland Sketches

To the Old Mill

All nature was asleep when I turned from the big road and cantered easily down the bridle path that led through the woods to the old mill. A mist had come up from the swamp beyond hovering close to the earth and a weird sensation crept over me as I rode along. Soon shafts of golden sunlight shot through the massive foliage overhead, and sunlight meeting shadow, carpeted the earth in contrasting patterns. Shadowy forms leaped into trees and bushes, and the songsters of the forest awakened the glade with their cheerful melody.

On I rode, the massive oaks on each side of the path, bending beneath the weight of their new-born leaves, bowed low as if to welcome me in their midst. Purple patches of wild violets covered the earth and among the violets peeped tiny blades of grass, each bearing a drop of dew that diamond-like glinted in the morning light. Across my path a wide-eyed vireo flew rapidly while from a low hanging branch a little wren looked curiously at me as I rode by. The yellow jessamine contended with the dogwood blossom to attract my eye. The latter was successful at first but it was a jessamine and not a blossom that I entwined in the horse's mane, for the fragrance of that flower was ravishing.

The brook was not far away and when I reached it, dismounting I drank of its waters gold-spotted where the sun stole through the leaves above and rested on its bosom. Looking up I beheld silvery threads stretched from one bush to another and a large gray spider busily weaving his web. At that moment a pine needle fell to the ground just beneath where he was, and I wondered if he had been using it in his work.

I swung up into the saddle and rode towards the distant uplands that marked the edge of the forest. As I left the woods, my horse quickened his pace to a gallop, and turning in the saddle, the last thing to meet my eyes was a line of long leafed pines standing like silent sentinels guarding the mysteries of the woods.

Earl Eastin, '12

The First Robin

One bright cool morning when the grass was just peeping out of the ground to see if all the snow had gone, I took a walk through the woods. Suddenly a bird alighted not fifty feet away. His cheery note, his sprightly walk, his sharp and quick glances, and his red breast told me that he was a robin. I almost clapped my hands in glee, and as I watched his alert actions

I felt sure that I had never before beheld such a prim little creature. This was the first robin that I had ever seen and I wondered who had sent him. Seeming to read my thoughts he glanced quickly to the right and to the left as if to say, "He that is everywhere." It was with regret that I saw him fly away, to announce to others, doubtless, the coming of Spring.

A. Vasquez, '12

The Mountain Pine

Once long ago there grew in Norway, far up on a bold promontory that jutted into the sea, a mountain pine. Many leagues from its native soil it grew here alone. The wind moaned through its branches and the fierce northern gales shook it so violently that to the folk in the distant hamlet it seemed as if in a paroxysm of grief. Summer and winter came and passed; bright blue skies and sombre clouds, gentle spring and golden autumn, all visited this homesick pine. The tranquil stillness of the fiords reflected the image of heaven, but even this

could not replace the lofty hills of Maine where dwelt its ancestors for ages.

One night Neptune unleashed his hounds of the deep. The tempest struck the lonely pine with full force, but secure in his strength and vigor, he composed himself to sleep. The wild music of the waves dashing in virgin spray high up on the rock-bound coast, lulled him to sleep and soon he was far away in Dreamland. Strange and wonderful were his dreams that night. He thought he towered high up among the regions of bliss, enjoying the sights and sounds of that enchanted place. In an ecstasy of joy he leaned far over and kissed with his topmost branches the land of his ancestors. At last his proud crest wet with the dews of heaven sought mother earth for its last long sleep.

Next morning the fishermen of the coast, looking for the pine which was a landmark to guide them into the harbor, wept to see it gone. Then they knew that the tempest had claimed its own and the lonesome pine would keep no more its solitary vigil.

Joseph P. Newsham, '12

Lucreat Lux Vestra

Tho' quenched for ages be a star,
Its light shines on;
So noble deeds still live with men,
When thou art gone.

The Reward of Charity

Ralph Conroy, a college freshman, was one day accosted in the street by a little match-girl.

"Please, sir," the little child pleaded, "will you buy my matches, mother is sick and ——"

"No", he returned impatiently as he started to resume his walk. But the look of pain and disappointment which clouded the little girl's features restrained him.

"Are you very much in need of money, little one?" he asked in a much kinder tone, than he had used before. Without waiting to hear the child's reply he took a dollar from his pocket and handed it to her.

Conroy did not stop to hear the delighted thanks of the child, poured out from the young heart relieved of anxiety. As he walked on, he began to think of the cigars which he would now be obliged to forego on account of having parted with the dollar. However, he consoled himself by saying, "Never mind, the little blue-eyed girl looked as if she didn't have a friend in the world. Dear me! I wish I were rich enough to be able to help every poor person who applies to me for aid."

While Ralph Conroy was indulging in these very natural reflections the little blue-eyed damsel had been hastening home. Up one street and

down another, in and out of alleys, runs the little girl utterly regardless of the basket of unsold matches still hanging on her arm. Pausing for a moment before that rude tenement which she had grown to call home, Margaret threw open the door and hastily mounted the stairs.

Her mother hearing the pattering of the little feet upon the stairs, exclaimed "Surely that cannot be Margaret coming home so early!"

Margaret's mother, an honest, hard-working woman, had striven by day and night to keep her little family of four from starvation. Her husband had died some years since, leaving her without any means of caring for herself and children. She had been able to earn enough by sewing for others, and now, that Margaret was old enough to assist her, she was sent out daily to sell matches. Thus they had been able to pay the rent for the little room in the dingy tenement; but barely had they enough left with which to purchase food.

Margaret threw open the door of the little room, ran to the bed where her mother lay, gave her the dollar, and in her childish way described how it had come into her possession.

"God bless the kind gentleman, and give him prosperity!" exclaimed the

poor woman when she heard Margaret's story.

If Ralph Conroy could have heard this prayer, how trifling would have seemed to him the sacrifice he had made.

* * * * *

Years have elapsed since the incident just narrated occurred and our little match-girl is none other than Mrs. Eugene Courtney, the wife of a rich New York banker. Happy is her home for she has been blessed with two children, one a boy of twelve, the other a girl of nine.

The three were seated in the splendid dining-room a few nights before Christmas, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Courtney, when the door-bell rang sharply. Mrs. Courtney thinking that it might possibly be her husband hastened to the door. Upon opening it, a man of middle age, dressed in thread-bare garments, stood upon the threshold. On asking to see Mr. Courtney, he was shown into the banker's study and informed that Mr. Courtney would be in before long.

Mr. Courtney soon came home and was told of his visitor in the study. He went in to see him and was closeted with him for some time. Mrs. Courtney waited impatiently for her husband, as she had a vivid recollection of having seen the stranger before and was desirous of learning his name.

Finally Mr. Courtney came out from the study while his visitor was slowly

retracing his steps to the street. The banker was evidently much relieved to be rid of him for his face instantly cleared of the stern look which it had worn.

"Who is that man and what does he want, Eugene?" the woman asked.

"His name is Conroy, I believe, and he came to apply for a situation in the bank."

"Will you give him the situation, dear?"

"I don't know, Margaret, I must think about it."

"Do give him the place, 'Gene." You know you have promised me over and over that you would never refuse any request I made of you."

"Never fear," the banker replied, "I will keep my promise and will write the fellow a note this very evening, offering him a trial."

That night after supper when the little children were tucked snugly in their beds, Margaret Courtney told why she wished him to give the man the position.

"Eugene," said she, "I recognize in this Conroy a gentleman who bestowed a dollar upon me when I was on the point of starvation."

"That's right, Margaret," the rich banker replied, "never forget those who helped you when you needed help the most." The banker then wrote a short note to Conroy and dispatched it by a servant.

Ralph Conroy was that night sitting at his wife's bedside when the note

containing the good news arrived. He was on the verge of despair, for he was penniless and a big doctor's bill had to be paid. The three-room cottage in which he lived was barely furnished. Do what he would, he could not stave off the inevitable disaster, and as a last resource he had applied in person to the rich banker.

Hearing a sharp knock on the door, Ralph opened it and was handed a letter. Hastily glancing over it he rushed to his sick wife's bedside and exclaimed "Good news, Mary! I have been accepted at the bank."

In his excitement he had not

noticed a folded slip of paper fall from the note and flutter to the floor. His wife called his attention to it, however, and upon picking up the paper, found it to be a fifty-dollar bill, neatly folded in an envelope on which was written, "To a kind gentleman who bestowed a dollar on the little match-girl many years ago."

Needless to say, the Christmas which dawned a few days afterward was the most delightful Ralph Conroy had enjoyed for many a year.

John B. Roche,
Second Academic.

A Christmas Cradle

Let my heart the cradle be
Of Thy bleak Nativity,
Tossed by wintry tempests wild,
If it rock Thee, Holy Child;
Then as grows the outer din
Greater peace shall reign within.

J. B. TABB.

A Weird Experience

It was during the holidays last Christmas that Shelt Thomas, Stanley Jackson and I made arrangements to go hunting. The day appointed dawned bright and clear. There had been a light frost the night before and it was just cold enough to make walking pleasant. Little I thought, as we struck into a brisk gait, of the gruesome adventure that was to befall me. After two hours walking we reached the lowlands above Jasper Creek. Here we spread out beating to the north in the hope of flushing a covey of partridges. The morning passed slowly, luck was poor and when noon came we were only too ready to stop and take dinner.

While eating we observed several young game birds on the other side of the creek and hoping for a change of luck we determined to cross the Jasper by the trestle and try to bag them. The trestle is about fifty yards long and the track beyond runs north for about five hundred yards and then bends sharply to the west, disappearing behind a deeply wooded hill. Everybody knows, crossing a trestle you must keep your eyes fixed on the ties so as not to miss step. Stanley and I had more practice in this than Shelt and we soon left him some distance in the rear. Stanley had stopped for a moment to call back to Shelt and in

doing so must have looked up, for I heard him suddenly cry out, "Look! here comes a train." I looked up and my heart stood still. There turning the bend was a freight train bearing down upon us at full speed.

The end of the trestle was but a few feet away and I felt sure I could reach it before the train caught me. I started on the run but unfortunately glanced back to see what had become of the other boys. That glance came very near being my last for at that moment my foot slipped between the ties and there caught. I have a dim recollection of seeing Shelt jump over the side and Stanley rush past me to safety. I cannot describe my thoughts as I struggled to get free. The end of the trestle but a man's length away, the train seeming to grow larger and larger as it rapidly approached, the ground below from which they would probably gather my mangled remains and then how my mother would feel when they broke the news to her! What a thrill ran through me when at last my foot was free. But there was no time to waste, for the train was almost upon me. I picked myself up and staggered on. Barely had I stepped off the trestle and sank to the ground exhausted than the train rushed by, my throbbing temples fanned by the breeze it created.

We were as pale as ghosts and it was some time before we recovered our nerves. As we sat there by the side of the track we slowly realized how near to death we had been. I knew that the hand of God was in this and that my Guardian Angel had never left my side. Truly, as Father Finn

says in one of his books, little boys' guardian angels have a busy time of it. We soon started for home and from that day to this I never pass a trestle without thinking of this adventure and thanking God for his goodness to me.

J. B. Rives, '13

Immaculate

O Mother of Him whose searching eye,
Unfolding all things beneath its glare,
Doth still some blemishes descry
E'en in angelic beings fair;
How bright must be thy purity,
Or as the snowdrop's beauty rare,
Or sunbeam's darting from midday sky,
Immaculate—all spotless e'er!

Sidney Lanier

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leaves behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Our only apology for quoting the commonplace from our greatest American poet is the appositeness of the lines to the present subject. We purpose to present a brief biographical sketch of a man who was truly great; whose life from many points of view was truly sublime; whose heroic struggle against adverse circumstances in the shape of poverty, disease and hostile criticism commands our admiration and should serve as an inspiration. That man was the musician, the critic, the poet—Sidney Lanier. Although the life of this ardent singer is an inspiration for all who read and study it, special interest attaches to it for us in particular. Lanier is not one of the immortals who have come down to us from the storied past; he is not a Homer or a Virgil, the light of whose genius illumined an ancient civilization, and shines upon us still like a bright star in the distant firmament. He is but of yesterday—a product of our own times and of our own dear Southland, which he loved so well. For a time he was a resident of this very state, nay, of the immediate vicinity, having spent some months at Point Clear across the Bay. The story of his sad life is briefly told.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Georgia, on the 3rd of February, 1842. On both his father's and his mother's side he could trace his ancestry back to the early settlers of Virginia. At a very early age he displayed a rare talent for music. In fact, he seems to have been something of a musical prodigy, for his biographers tell us that he learned to play on every kind of musical instrument that he could find—the piano, organ, violin, guitar, and flute. He was especially fond of the flute and the violin. Of a high-strung, nervous temperament and a keenly sensitive nature, he found in the violin an instrument to express his own delicate feelings; but in compliance with his father's wish who feared that his health could not stand his ardent devotion to the violin, he made the flute his specialty.

When he was fourteen years old, he entered the Sophomore class of Oglethorpe College at Milledgeville, Georgia. The future poet made the best use of the opportunities the little college afforded, and took his studies in a serious, manly way. Circumstances compelled him to interrupt his studies for a year which he spent as a clerk in the Macon Post Office. In the year 1860, he was graduated at the head of his class and was at once offered a position as tutor in his Alma Mater. While at Oglethorpe he attracted to

himself by his winning disposition the best spirits of the college, and in particular one of the professors, by whom he seems to have been specially influenced. Years afterwards, when he was dying, he acknowledged that he owed to Prof. Woodrow the strongest and most valuable stimulus of his youth. Under the guidance of Dr. Woodrow he was planning to pursue higher studies abroad. But these plans were never realized.

It was April of the year 1861. The cloud that so long had hung threateningly on the horizon swept rapidly over the land; the storm burst in all its fury and Lanier like many another, was called from the pursuit of the arts of peace to all the grim horrors of civil war. With his brother he joined the Macon Volunteers of the Second Georgia Battalion which was ordered to Virginia. The first year did not bring much active service and Lanier spent his abundant leisure in the study of German, French and Spanish. He was destined, however, to see fierce fighting in the battles of Seven Pines, Drewry's Bluffs and the seven days fighting about Richmond. After this campaign he was transferred to the signal service, and later took charge of a vessel which attempted to run the blockade. The attempt was unsuccessful. The vessel was captured and Lanier imprisoned at Point Lookout where he remained for five months until he was exchanged toward the end of the war. From Point

Lookout Lanier returned on foot to his home in Georgia. The hardships of his four years of service, the long journey which occupied a month and a half made a wreck of his weak constitution. The rest of his life was a continual struggle against consumption which he had inherited from his mother. After two months spent at Point Clear across the Bay, he was engaged for two years in clerical work in Montgomery; then he took charge of an Academy at Prattville for a year; after which he entered his father's law office in Macon.

Meantime the deadly disease was making steady progress. In the hope of relief he went to Texas, and later, in 1873, to Baltimore, where his literary career really began. He secured a position as first flutist in the then famous Peabody Orchestra and devoted himself to the study of English Literature from its first beginnings in the Anglo-Saxon period down to his own time. The first of his poems to attract attention was "Corn," published in Lippincott's Magazine. This was followed by "The Symphony," "The Psalm of the West" and the "Cantata," written for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Just about this time his studies in Old English Literature began to bear fruit in a course of lectures delivered in the Peabody Institute, and he was then honored with an appointment to the chair of English Literature in Johns Hopkins University. Hereto-

fore his poor health and the necessity of providing for his family had often forced him to do such literary hack work as chance put in his way. With the salary attached to his professorship, he was free to follow the bent of his genius. Among the poems of this period we may mention "A Song of the Future," "The Revenge of Hamish," "The Marshes of Glynn," and "The Song of the Chattahoochee," which are in his most characteristic style. During a vacation spent in 1879 at Rockingham Springs, Virginia, he began and completed in six weeks his book, *The Science of English Verse* which is considered by many as one of the ablest and most authoritative works on the subject. All through the next winter, despite his rapidly failing health, he led a most busy life, appearing regularly at the rehearsals and concerts of the Peabody Orchestra, publishing various writings and conducting lecture courses both in the university and at private schools. So he continued his strenuous life up to the very end. What a struggle was that last year! December of the year, 1880, saw him at the very gate of death. The first few of his University lectures, later published under the title of "The English Novel," he wrote himself; the rest he was forced to dictate to his wife. He was so weak that he had to deliver the lectures, seated in a chair, and those who heard him were often alarmed and in doubt lest his breath should completely fail be-

fore the end of the hour. Yet it was at this time when he was too feeble to lift his food to his mouth, when he was burning with a fever of 104°, that he wrote his last and great poem "Sunrise." In April, 1881, his doctors advised him that the only hope of prolonging his life was to get to a high, pure atmosphere. Accordingly he went to Asheville, N. C., and later to Lynn in the same state. Here on the seventh of September, 1881, the long, hard struggle came to an end. The tragedy was over. In the words of his great admirer, William Hayes Ward: "Just when he seemed to have conquered success enough to assure him a little leisure to write his poems, then his feeble but resolute hold upon earth was exhausted. What he left behind was written with his life blood. High above all the evils of the world he lived in a realm of ideal serenity, as if it were the business of a life to conquer difficulties."

We began this sketch with a quotation from Longfellow's Psalm of Life

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

It seems to us that we cannot better conclude this sketch than by quoting from the same poem the lines which express the great lesson taught by the life of our Southern poet.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing—
Learn to labor and to wait.

George L. Mayer, '12.



THE COLLEGE AND FIRST DIVISION CAMPUS



An Appreciation of Lanier

Thirty years ago, when the Johns Hopkins University called Sidney Lanier to the chair of English Literature, and when he was chosen to write the Cantata for the Centennial Exposition, his literary merit was recognized. Since then his published works have extended his literary renown both at home and abroad and to-day no one who makes pretense of an acquaintance with the world of letters can afford to be ignorant of Lanier's contribution to English literature. Although he wrote a novel, "Tiger Lilies," two volumes of essays, two volumes of lectures, three books for boys, "The Science of English Verse" and "The Development of the English Novel," still it is not by these works that he would wish us to judge of his literary worth. His hardest and most earnest work was spent upon his poems, they contain his message to his fellow-man and represent his ideals, his ambitions and his life-work. In letters to his father and to his wife he leaves no doubt of his own personal conviction that he had a vocation to labor in the field of poetry, he confesses that he has followed the art long and humbly and through much bitterness, and claims the right to enroll himself among the sublime art's devotees. This paper is a modest attempt to examine those claims, a student's humble endeavor to appre-

ciate the poetry of Sidney Lanier.

Every attempt at an appreciation of Lanier's poetry must include his longer poems: The Psalm of the West, The Symphony, Corn and Clover. The first deals poetically with the western continent and the men and events connected with its history. This plan gives the author an opportunity to celebrate the discovery of the land by Eric and Columbus, the arrival of the Pilgrims, the struggle for independence and the Civil War. In a short paper like the present we cannot be expected to enter into much detailed criticism, especially of so long a poem as the Psalm of the West. We shall content ourselves with presenting one or two ideas as specimens of the poet's thought.

As God took from Adam's side the rib from which He fashioned Eve, so, in the designs of God, out of this new land came liberty to be forever united with the land, "Tall Adam, of the West." The Civil War is represented as a passage at arms between two brave knights, the one, the South, called Heart, the other, the North, called Brain.

Lists all white and blue in the skies;
And the people hurried amain
To the tournament under the ladies'
eyes,
Where jousted Heart and Brain.

They charged, they struck; both fell,
both bled;

Brain rose again, ungloved;
Heart fainting smiled and softly said,
My love to my beloved.

* * * *

Heart and Brain! No more be twain;
Throb and think, one flesh again."

The Symphony is the poet's protest
against Commercialism.

O trade, O trade, would thou wert
dead!

The time needs heart, 'tis tired of
head.

Problems of life—social, industrial
and moral—are discussed. First we
hear the passionate protesting of the
violin.

Look up the land, look down the land;
The poor, the poor, the poor—they
stand

Wedged by the pressing of Trade's
hand

Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens ever more;
They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty
Where art, sweet lark, translates the
sky

Into a heavenly melody.

Then is heard the flute whose vel-
vet note falls upon the harmony of
sound as softly as a petal from a wild
rose blown upon tranquil, shadowy

waters. This petal on a harmony
speaks for all Nature—

All fair forms and sounds and lights
And warmths and mysteries and
mights

Of Nature's utmost depths and
heights.

It calls aloud:

Trade, Trade, thou king of the mod-
ern days,

Change thy ways, change thy ways—
Let the sweaty laborers file

A little while, a little while,

Where Art and Nature sing and
smile.

A like protest is uttered by the clar-
ionet, the horn, the hautboy and the
bassoons. One cannot but note the
poet's characteristic description of
each instrument and how admirably
the lines are suited to each, like the
lines assigned to the various charac-
ters of a drama. The melting song
of the clarionet is compared to the
singing of a lady whose eyes are still
wet with bitter tears; the horn is bold
and straightforward; the hautboy is
like a large-eyed child, cool-hearted
and undefiled. Lastly there are the
ancient wise bassoons

Like weird

Gray-beard

Old harpers sitting on high sea-dunes.

For all the ills of life love is the
remedy—love for Nature, true love,

love for our human kind. And thus
the poem ends in a fine quatrain:
And yet shall love himself be heard
Tho' long deferred, tho' long deferred;
O'er the modern waste a dove hath
whirred;
Music is love in search of a word.

The two poems with the homely titles "Corn" and "Clover" treat of lofty subjects: The first, of the true poet's leadership, the second, of the poet's mission, which is to advance the higher good of man. In both the poet displays his intimacy with nature and his appreciation of nature's charms, which he loves to describe. Then easily, gracefully, one is fain to say, naturally, he rises to the real theme of his song. These four poems, "Corn," "Clover," "The Symphony" and "The Psalm of the West," represent Lanier's most serious work; but he is perhaps better known and more admired for his lyrics—"The Hymns of the Marshes," the "Song of the Chattahoochee," the "Sonnet to the Mocking Bird" and the exquisite "Ballad of Trees and the Master."

Into the woods my Master went
Clean forspent, forspent.

Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to
Him;

The little gray leaves were kind to
Him,

The thorn-tree had a mind to him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went
And he was well content.

Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.

When death and shame would woo
Him last,

From under the trees they drew Him
last;

'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

One has only to read or hear this wonderfully simple poem to appreciate its beauty.

In the "Song of the Chattahoochee" the poet has admirably adapted the movement to the subject. When read aloud, one almost fancies he hears the river as it ripples over the rocks or flows more gently between its banks shaded by the oak and the chestnut and the pine. Again he sees it lingering lovingly among the grasses and ferns and water-weeds. But more than anything else, it is the music of the poem that fixes the attention of the reader. By a skillful and frequent use of alliteration by artful employment of the refrain and by clever insertion of a rhyme in the middle of a line, the author has succeeded in making the poem a genuine song of sweet, rich music. One stanza will serve as illustration:

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall
The rushes cried, "Abide, Abide,"
The wilful water-weeds held me
thrall,

The laving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said
 "stay,"
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed, "Abide
 Abide
 Here in the hills of Haversham,
 Here in the valleys of Hall."

Lanier had his own ideas of versification which he has developed in his work, "The Science of English Verse," and applied especially to his later poems. Here the musician came to the aid of the poet. Hence it is that some of the lines offer some difficulty to the beginner who attempts to scan them according to the old idea of so many feet to the line. Hence, too, the irregularity that strikes the reader occasionally, although as a rule the metre is very regular. In "The Revenge of Hamish" the stanza is made up of four lines of which the first rhymes with the fourth and the second with the third, but the verses are of unequal length; the first has six feet, the second five, the third four, and the fourth again six.

The poet's diction is very precise, at times polished and ornate, at times very simple. He shows a fondness for obsolete forms such as the double preposition "for to" before the infinitive, and the superfluous pronoun, as in the line:

And I ran for to turn, but my breath
 it was blown.

Most of his poems are characterized by delicacy and intensity. This is most manifest when he is describing natural scenery and shows his ardent love for nature. Only an ardent lover of nature could describe its charms so minutely and tenderly. Still his love for nature did not make him forget his fellow-men nor the all-wise Creator. Hence his poems are not without human interest, and their study should bring one with the author closer to God. Listen to the lines from the "Marshes of Glynn":

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on
 the watery sod,
 Behold I will build me a nest on the
 greatness of God:
 I will fly in the greatness of God as
 the marsh-hen flies
 In the freedom that fills all the space
 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
 By so many roots as the marsh-grass
 sends in the sod
 I will heartily lay me a-hold on the
 greatness of God.

Whether or not Lanier's poems will live, whether later generations will esteem them worthy of preservation, who shall say? It is not for us to decide. The fact that today they are valued more highly than they were during the lifetime of the poet is a hopeful sign. Be this as it may, it seems to us that no one can read Lanier's poems and fail to discover in the author an ardent love of nature, a keen insight into its beauties, and a

power of interpreting them for others, a wonderful melody, beauty of diction, delicate sentiment, human interest and deep religious feeling. In the conscious possession of such a treas-

ure, Lanier could rightly believe himself called to the worship of the Muse and surely never was devotee of the Muse more faithful.

M. Humbert Diaz, '12

Success

What's the secret of success?

Hard to answer, I confess.

Best of plans I deem this one:

Stick to what you've once begun.

Our Surveying Expedition

It was the exceeding good fortune of the writer to have been one of the members of the summer class in surveying which held forth last August at Battles Wharf, Ala.,—the well known summer resort on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. The class is a unique feature in the curriculum of the College. Having been suggested by the professor of Higher Mathematics, it was planned and carried through successfully under the able direction of our instructor in Engineering, Prof. Boudousquie.

It is seldom practicable in many of our preparatory colleges to impart anything but a theoretical knowledge to a surveying class, on account of the limited period of time devoted to each branch of study. Consequently the students obtain merely a superficial knowledge of the science. They may learn to plot an imaginary field, or they may be familiar with the many technical terms and various instruments employed in surveying; but when it comes to the actual adjusting of instruments under new and peculiar conditions, the taking of offsets, triangulating, finding altitudes and the like,—ah, “there’s the rub” for the poor student with a head full of book-knowledge but lacking the essential training of experience.

Our Prof. of Mathematics, realizing all these difficulties, opened a class for those students who had studied under him during the scholastic year, and with this class I found myself, early on the morning of August the fourth, fully primed for a thorough surveying expedition.

I must confess that I was somewhat dumbfounded and confused at the perplexing and formidable array of instruments, stakes, tapes, transit, sounding rods,—to say nothing of culinary utensils, of whose value I was to learn more during the day. These having been placed in a yawl, were carried to a point about five miles north of Battle’s Wharf known as Sea Cliff.

This was to be the scene of our labors; and it was not long before, with theodolite and rods, we had established our base line running due north and south along the shore. We adjusted the instruments for reading elevations; next, we established our tide-gauges, and then set to work making our triangulations, sighting the heads of the long piers of Volanta and Sea Cliff and the angles which were to help us afterwards in making our map. While the work of determining the essential points and their respective bearings was going on, another party was dispatched to make

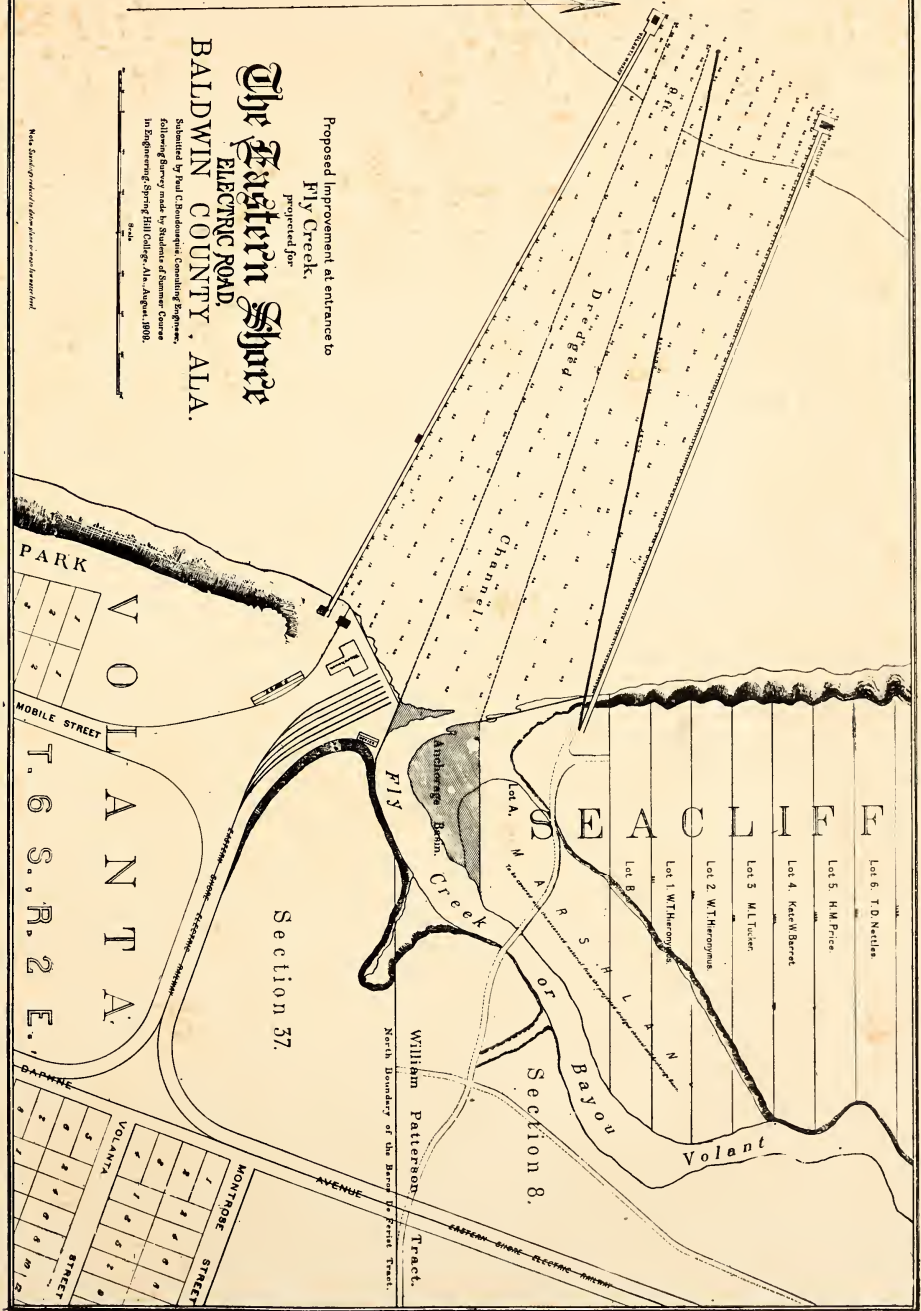
MOBILE BAY

Proposed improvement at entrance to
Fly Creek,
projected for

The Eastern Shore
ELECTRIC ROAD
BALDWIN COUNTY, ALA.

Submitted by Paul C. Montgomery, Consulting Engineer,
Following Survey made by Students of Summer Course
in Engineering, Spring Hill College, Ala., August, 1909.

Note: Scale of vertical elevation given in feet above sea level.





soundings from the shore to the extremity of both wharves, covering the entire course of the proposed channel which is intended to lead ferry-boats, plying between Mobile and Fly Creek, to a safe haven. To this party I was assigned. Our work consisted in measuring the depth of the water every ten feet along the line run perpendicularly to our base-line; the result of which process may be observed by consulting the small figures in the accompanying map which represent the actual depths reduced to mean low water. This was a most arduous task; and was made doubly tedious by the intensity of the sun's rays beating on our backs.

We also found that the gentle science of surveying did not take away our appetites, but had rather whetted them to a very keen edge. By a unanimous vote instruments were laid aside at 12:30; and we followed the leaders in the direction of the temporary camp, whence the savor of broiling meat smote our nostrils. In true Indian fashion we sat about the fire which was built on a high embankment, overlooking a clear, deep stream; and of

course the usual camp jokes and sayings passed around. A damper was soon put on this school-boy spirit by the professor who, with all seeming disregard for our weary limbs, announced that we were sufficiently regaled and rested, and that we were better looking men while we were at work than when stretched at ease on the greensward.

Back again at the tapes and transit, we made minute offsets for the contour of the shore from which the outline in the map was plotted. This was soon completed and we then made the sounding along-side the Sea Cliff and Volanta piers, the memory of which effort still lingers with me; for the piers run out into the water to a distance of 1200 and 1400 feet respectively.

We returned home a little before dark, all well content to be in a soft chair again. While some retired early, others preferred to stay up late and make the preliminary draught of our day's work. Dear reader, I was one of the early birds.

James Duggan, '10



A Child of Mercy

Ralph Simpson was the son of wealthy New York parents. His father had died when he was only five years of age and since then, to the present year,—his twenty-third—he had lived with his mother, who thought she had in him the consolation and comfort of her declining years.

These fond hopes of hers were destined soon to be shattered. Ralph had formed the friendship of a set of young men who were trying, with satanic cunning, to draw him away from the Catholic faith and entice him into a forbidden secret society, of which they were members. At last they succeeded in gaining his consent to be initiated. According to the program of his initiation Ralph had to sign a document in which he renounced all affiliation to the Catholic Church. He signed it with his full name,—Ralph Mary Simpson.

The president of the lodge, seeing the name of the Blessed Virgin upon the parchment, exclaimed in a rough voice: "See here, you must not write that name! Blot it out or we will have to begin all over again. Do you not know that this name," and he placed his finger on the name of Mary, "is held in abomination here?" "What!" exclaimed Ralph, "blot out the name of the Blessed Mother, the name of her whom I learned to love at my

Mother's knee? Never! You have lowered me enough without adding this greater insult. I will write either my full name or none!"

The president, fearing to lose so valuable a recruit, said no more and the name of the Virgin Mary remained on the document.

During the next two weeks, Mrs. Simpson noticed a great change in the general conduct of Ralph and wondered at the cause of it. She had asked him if he were unwell, but he avoided a direct answer by laughing at, and pooh-poohing her fears.

One day, after long pondering over the matter, the awful truth gradually dawned upon Mrs. Simpson. She now remembered that his closest friends were members of an organization under the Church's ban, and that he had sided with most of their theories, although she had explained to him that they were all false. That evening she asked Ralph if he had joined his friends' lodge. He answered that he had, and intended to remain with them. This rash act broke his mother's heart and with her eyes brimming over with tears, she completely disowned him.

"Go!" she said, "go! I will not have an enemy of God in my home while I live."

Ralph Simpson left his mother's home with a heavy and aching heart.

He went direct to the lodge and prepared to live there, although he felt it could never be a home to him.

Two years passed. During this period Mrs. Simpson prayed long and earnestly for the return of her son to the Catholic faith. One morning she heard a knock at the front door, and upon opening it she beheld a young woman whom she immediately recognized as Jane Dunn, once a servant of her household. Jane was now employed as house-keeper at the lodge where Ralph had taken up his abode, and she told Mrs. Simpson that Ralph was now dying with fever and that it would be well if she could see him at once. About an hour later, Mrs. Simpson presented herself before the magnificent, brown-stone building where her boy lay dying. She asked to be allowed to see her son, but the officials refused, saying he was not to be disturbed. She begged, pleaded, and even went down on her knees praying to be allowed to see her son. But these evil-minded men were firm and refused every petition, realizing too well all that such a meeting would bring about.

As a last resort the heart-broken mother went to see the priest, an intimate friend of hers, who was in charge of a parish in the Bronx. "In this case," he said, "the only thing to do is to turn to the Blessed Mother. She is our help and our guide. I will say a novena of Masses, and do you offer a novena of communions for his

conversion." Mrs. Simpson consented and in the mean time redoubled her prayers and supplications to the Blessed Virgin.

It was apparent, however, that Ralph's illness was getting the better of him and that the end was fast approaching. One night, at about eleven o'clock, while the watchers were noiselessly pacing up and down the corridors outside Ralph's room, there was a sharp rap at the door and Jane hastened to open it. Great was her surprise when she saw the face of Mrs. Simpson enshrouded in widow's weeds. She only glanced at Jane and motioned with her finger to be quiet. Then she quickly stepped across the hall and entered the sick boy's bedroom, and as the door was closing behind her, Jane heard those peerless words, muttered faintly by the feverish lips; "Mother, Mother." At this moment Jane noticed that all the members of the club had left the house. She was occupied with this thought when Mrs. Simpson came out of the room and said, "I am going for a priest." In half an hour she returned, accompanied by Father Cody whom Jane recognized as the parish priest from the Bronx. The priest entered the sick room and soon reappeared, his face radiant with joy.

"It's all right," he said, "he has received the last sacraments and has renounced all connection with this forbidden society. He is now sleeping peacefully. I will go and will be

back in the morning." Having said this Father Cody and Mrs. Simpson left the lodge.

The following morning the first to arrive was Mrs. Simpson. She spoke to Jane saying, "Is my son improving? I wish I could see him for only a minute." Jane, taking her arm, said encouragingly: "The way is open to you now, Madam, since your visit of last night."

"Since my visit of last night!" exclaimed the mother.

"Why—yes'm," answered Jane, "since your son received the last sacraments, not one of the club members has been here."

"My dear Jane," said the surprised mother, "I was not here last night and I do not know the least thing about my son's receiving the last sacraments."

It was hard to explain matters then and there to the distracted mother, but but when she rushed into Ralph's bedroom she learned the story from his own lips. The Blessed Virgin under the guise of his own mother had visited him last night, had brought a priest and, thereby, had enabled him to receive the last sacraments. The de-

lighted mother fell on her knees and poured out her thankful heart to the Mother of mercy.

"And, O mother!" exclaimed the son later, "the Blessed Virgin came to me last night and said I would die to-day at the next hour, because I am weak and I might fall into sin again. And, mother, she promised to take me with her to Heaven. I never was so happy as I am now."

For the next hour Mrs. Simpson was praying at the bedside of her dying son. The clock was striking twelve when Ralph suddenly exclaimed, "Mother! Mother! there She is! there She is!" A moment passed and he was gone to everlasting happiness. His face beamed like a living sun, so beautiful and so resigned was the expression on it. All the mother could do was to weep tears of joy. She knelt down and prayed that she too might soon be with him, as earth had no longer any attraction for her.

Thus the merciful Virgin had remained faithful to one who had refused to deny her name and love before her sworn enemies.

John McCarthy,
Second Academic



Where Poets Dream

'Tis in the green sequestered vale
Where mockers build their nest;
Where dusk comes ere the king of day
His head lays down to rest.

'Tis by the little babbling brook
Where reeds and rushes grow,
And drooping flowers lean to kiss
Soft zephyrs as they blow.

'Tis near the little wooden bridge
That spans the lowly creek,
Where weeping willows sadly wave
With heads low-bowed and meek.

'Tis 'neath the honey-suckle vine
That drape the woodland bowers;
Where flit the humming birds to steal
Sweet nectar from the flowers.

In haunts like these the muses make
Their home for ages long;
Here, wooing, comes their latest child
To list and learn their song.

James D. McIntyre, '11

The Polar Expeditions

Early in September the news reached us that at last the North Pole had been discovered, and America thrilled with pride when with the news came the explorer's name, Frederick S. Cook. Ten days passed, days of eulogy and praise for the daring explorer, days of feverish curiosity for the details of the expedition, when another flash came from the north bearing the same report but with another's signature.

Then followed weeks of disgraceful dispatches and cutting cartoons and the air grew heavy with the smoke of battle. Time has lent a perspective to the discoverer's dispute; and, as a man placed on a mountain, viewing the battle from afar, sees better than one engaged in the fray, so likewise we, removed by the lapse of time from those days when first the news came, can now read with minds less biased the reports of the expeditions to the earth's northern center, and at the same time form some estimate of the dangers and difficulties of the exploration, and the courage and intrepidity of the explorers. With this in view, and despite the fact that what we say may be already known to the readers, we venture to sum up the reports of both explorers. We are indebted in the main for our facts to the National Geographic Magazine, kindly loaned us by Prof. P. C. Boudousquie, an

eminent member of the National Geographic Society.

"After a prolonged fight against famine and frost," says Dr. Cook, "we have at last succeeded in reaching the North Pole." Cook had been cruising in the summer of 1907 in the Arctic Seas and had reached the limits of northern navigation in Smith Sound. Conditions being favorable, he determined to make a rush for the pole, a distance of seven hundred miles. Preparations were at once begun. A base of supplies was established through the liberality of the owner of the yacht "Bradley," dogs were procured from the Eskimos then engaged in their winter hunt, and Cook's own equipment was made ready for the expedition.

If the reader will glance at a map of North America he will see that Smith's Sound connects Baffin Bay with the Arctic Sea and separates Greenland from Grinnell Land. It was Cook's intention to force a new route over Grinnell Land and northward along its western coast to a certain point and from there straight over the frozen sea to the pole. Accordingly he set out on February 19, 1907, with one hundred and three dogs drawing eleven sleds, with a man for each sled.

A month later, Grinnell Land having been traversed, land's end was

reached and only the polar seas lay between the explorer and the pole. Here the party divided, six Eskimos returning, leaving Cook with four men and forty-six dogs carrying supplies for eighty days. During the passage over Grinnell Land the party had suffered severely from the cold, the temperature falling to 83 degrees below zero. A halt was called and the expedition rested for three days before attempting the passage of the Arctic Sea.

On the morning of March 18, the wind blew at a half gale from the northwest and the snow fell heavily. Towards noon the wind veered to the southwest, the horizon cleared and immediately preparations were made for the final dash. The air was clear and the dogs leaped gaily from the frozen land out on to the frozen sea. The wind had blown the snow into drifts and across the wind-swept ice the explorers traveled for three days. At the end of this time the last supporting party turned back, leaving Cook and the two Eskimos, Etukishook and Ahwelah, with twenty-six dogs, to make the remaining four hundred and sixty miles to the pole.

Sitting comfortably in our cozy study, four hundred and sixty miles does not seem to be a great distance; in fact, even with the simple motive force employed by the Eskimos, it could be covered in a comparatively short time, as dogs have been known to travel fifty or sixty miles a day.

But in the Arctic Zone, difficulties are met with that arise from the nature of the perpetually frozen region.

Ridges of ice formed by the influence of land pressure impede the explorer's progress, leads or large rifts in the ice imperil his existence, irregular fields of old ice injure the sledges and cut the dogs' feet, while fields of young ice bend beneath the runners, threatening to give way at any moment. And so it is that much time is lost in making circuitous routes around troublesome ridges, traveling slowly over uneven fields of old ice, and waiting for leads to close and young ice to strengthen. Thus it was that after nine days of forced marches, Cook found that he had traveled but a little over one hundred miles.

Long since the dull blue haze that told of land had melted away and still the explorer kept on, sleeping in snow houses, with dried beef and tallow for food, and for drink, hot tea. Each day they awoke to new dangers. Low temperature and persistent winds made life a torture. Eyes grew tired from the continual glimmer of the snow and ice, legs grown weary from travel ached to be at rest. Onward and northward, for death and failure hung in the balance.

One dog after another had grown weary and was killed and eaten by his mates. Supplies were gradually diminishing and sleds grew lighter. Over the monotonous sea of moving ice they pushed. The terrible silence

of the great unknown became almost unendurable. Yet northward they still journeyed, tired man and tired beast, to reach that polar world that had lured so many to death and destruction.

Observations were taken. Half the distance had been traversed, only two hundred miles remain. The terrible grind is taken up again. Would it never cease, this laboring of the lungs, this piston-like regularity of aching legs? Onward and northward, for death and failure hung in the balance.

They are now within a hundred miles of the pole. A day is spent resting. That night they are disturbed by the groaning of the ice. The dogs are buried in the ever falling snow. Towards morning a crevice is noticed forming on the surface of the frozen sea. Quick! or all will be lost. A hurried breakfast and they are off. The snow falls heavily. They are forced to stop. The snow ceases. Forward. Slow progress. Long and forced marches. As a last chance the explorer travels at night and rests during the day.

The time has now come to concentrate all energy on the final marches. Signs of land were seen, but they were caused by mirage. All nature, the snow and ice beneath, as well as the sky above, took on a deep purple blue. No time was spent in building snow houses; a silk tent sufficed for shelter.

April 18. Went into camp at 8:00 a. m. Great excitement, for two

marches more and the pole would be reached.

April 19. Dogs trotting nicely. Men in good spirits. Long march. Slept for eight hours.

April 20. Up and away soon after midnight. Slowly but surely the distance is lessening. But oh! the terrible soul-dejecting monotony of the scene.

April 21. At last!

Such is the story of Cook's expedition. We need not dwell on the feelings that flooded his soul when he reached the boreal center of the globe. Words cannot describe them, and they are but dimly pictured in the imagination even after recalling to memory the brave and gallant deeds of those explorers that from the days of Sir John Ross, in 1818, to the fatal expedition of Lieut. De Long, in 1879, pushed northward to the death-dealing, silent pole.

Almost a year had passed since Cook's visit when the the polar region once more reverberated with the barking of dogs and the voices of men. This second expedition was headed by Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N.

In the month of August, 1908, the steamer Roosevelt turned her prow into Smith Sound and began to cut her way through the frozen waters northward to where the sound enters the Arctic Sea. Progress was slow, but with that energy that has always characterized the expeditions of



1. Second Division Playground. 2. The Walk to the Lake. 3. A Lake View



Peary, the Roosevelt finally rounded Cape Sheridan, the most northern point of Grinnell Land, and put in at the mouth of the Sheridan River. The ship discharged her supplies at once and winter camp was established. This was in September, 1908. Preparations were at once begun for the spring trip to the pole. As far west along the northern coast of Grinnell Land as Cape Columbia, supplies were deposited in various places, and when February came, everything was in readiness for the expedition.

The exploring party was divided into relays, each relay under a competent leader. It was the duty of the first division to advance rapidly, cutting a trail over the ice and preparing the way for the others to follow. When a certain point was reached, they were to turn back, the second division now bearing the brunt of the travel and giving way in turn to the third, and so on until the last division comparatively fresh and liberally supplied, could dash to the pole with every probability of success.

On the last day of February, 1909, the first detachment under Captain Bartlett got away from Cape Columbia and headed due north over the sea of ice. The next day the others struck his trail and the expedition was on. The party comprised seven Americans, seventeen Eskimos and one hundred and thirty-three dogs pulling nineteen sleds. The temperature was away below zero and a strong wind

from the east piled the snow in drifts. The ice was rough and several sleds were so damaged that teams had to be sent back to Cape Columbia for new ones. Camp was pitched that night ten miles from Cape Columbia. Meanwhile Bartlett's detachment was forging ahead. The main division had advanced but eleven miles the second day, when they were brought to a stop by an open lead which had formed after Bartlett had passed.

The following day the lead was crossed and that night they reached the abandoned camp of the advance division. All was going well and a good start was made on the morning of the fourth day out. But now their troubles began. They had not traveled long before coming upon the pioneers stopped by a wide lake of open water. Here the entire expedition was delayed from March 5 to March 11. Two men were missing. One had been sent back by Captain Bartlett to the main division and another from the main division to Cape Columbia. The first had missed his way and the second, though long due to return, failed to make his appearance. Great anxiety was felt by Commander Peary not only because they were good men and true, but because they carried supplies that would soon be indispensable.

But the lake had now frozen over, and concluding that they had either lost the trail or were imprisoned by

open water on an island, Peary proceeded northward, leaving them a note to push on after him by forced marches. Two days had passed when just as camp was pitched, a messenger came up, announcing that the missing men were but a day's march in the rear. Captain Bartlett, who up to this had lead the advance, now joined the main party, and Henson was sent ahead to pioneer the trail, while Dr. Goodsell, according to the prearranged plan, returned to Cape Columbia. That night when all were asleep, the two missing men, Marvin and Borup, whirled into camp. Next morning Peary awoke to another annoyance. Professor McMillan's foot had been so frost bitten that his immediate return was necessary.

When Henson was sent ahead on March 14, he was to pioneer the expedition for five marches. Imagine then the feelings of Peary when on March 17, he came up with the advance mending their sledges. All lent a hand and the next morning Professor Marvin took the lead with instructions to make two forced marches, pitch camp and await the others. This he accomplished, and when Peary joined him, a little over two hundred and fifty miles stretched between them and the pole. This was on March 19. On March 20, Borup supporting the second supporting party, turned southward, while Bartlett took up the lead again, followed closely by Peary and the body of the expedition.

The traveling was now good and

a new scheme was arranged which linked the advance and main body together and reduced the danger of separation by open leads. The plan was this: as soon as the main body reached the pioneer's camp, the latter turned out and the former took possession; thus while one party was sleeping, the other was traveling, and communication was had every twenty-four hours. In this way they traveled until March 25, when the third supporting party under Marvin returned to the Cape.

With the lessening of the distance the dangers increased. The snow was heavy and deep, and the ice quaked violently. Bartlett was to remain with Peary but a few days more, and throwing all his energy into the final effort, he reeled off mile after mile, doggedly lessening the distance, the difficulty, and the danger for that other man who was to reap the honor and glory of the expedition.

The day of separation came at last. Sledges and harness were mended and Peary prepared for the dash alone. For the unselfish Bartlett it was hard to return when already the pole was in sight; but the future success of the expedition depended as much on his return now as it had owed its past success to his pioneering the trail. Drawn, however, by that magnetism which has attracted so many to seek glory and honor at the pole, he left camp and walked northward for a distance of six miles. While he was gone, Peary selected forty of the best

dogs and five sleds for the Captain's party. That night Bartlett turned back in command of the last supporting party. How much he was appreciated is best told in Peary's own words: "When Bartlett left, I felt for a moment the pangs of regret as he disappeared in the distance. * * * Circumstances had thrust the brunt of pioneering upon him instead of dividing it among several, as I had planned."

To use a common expression, it was now "up to Peary" to make the expedition a success. What his feelings were at this stage of the journey are best told by himself. "With the disappearance of Bartlett, I turned to the problem before me. This was that for which I had worked for thirty-two years, for which I had lived the simple life, for which I had conserved all my energy on the upward trip, for which I had trained myself as for a race, crushing down every worry about success."

A little after midnight of April 1 Peary hit the trail. The air was clear, the wind had subsided, and the traveling was good. Here and there he came across pressure ridges, but these were easily passed. A few hours' sleep that night and he was off again, making twenty miles in a march of ten hours. Up and away again before midnight, the air crisp, the dogs trotting along merrily. When the men turned in that night a distance of twenty-five miles had been covered.

The following march duplicated the previous one.

April 6. Shortly after midnight all were in motion again, and at noon observations indicated that forty miles had been travelled and the pole was in sight. A few hours later the sled runners ceased to ring over the ice, the dogs stopped and stood with heaving flanks, the ignorant Eskimos cast inquiring glances at their leader, seeming to ask the reason of the stop. But why go further? The pole is reached.

Such, briefly sketched, are the expeditions of Cook and Peary. On the return Peary was most fortunate, for he was able to hold the trail all the way south and was delayed but a few hours by open leads. Dr. Cook failed to reach his cachés, and this caused a year's delay, while Peary reached home the same year he had discovered the pole. It is not for us to decide who reached the pole first, or whether either of them reached it at all. The scientific records and data of the explorers will have to be examined by a committee cognizant of such matters. But meanwhile let us take them as they are, and glory in the fact that it was an American that first reached the boreal center of the earth, that America has succeeded where other nations failed, and finally that two men undaunted by the dangers and perils of the trip have at last crowned years of hardship and labor with ultimate success.

H. J. Prevost, '12.

Rip's Real Awakening

"Ah," sighs the still sleepy Rip, "my dog must have gone home. I think I had better follow him."

By rapid walking he soon comes to where he thought his house stood; but the village to his half-opened eyes appears to have undergone a wonderful change. Instead of the plain, homely cottages and the broad and shady street, a seemingly endless number of cloud-crowned buildings looms up before him, while in their midst arise tall, black chimneys tumbling clouds of smoke and soot down upon the rushing inhabitants.

"Surely," thinks Rip, "this mountain dew has hurt my eyes."

He walks on and soon finds himself in a street fairly alive with a promiscuous throng. Bewildered is poor Rip; and not without good reason, for gone are all the old land-marks of his village home and Rip for once in his life is lost.

Attracted by a strange noise he looks above him. Instead of gazing upon the accustomed red of St. George floating from the tall village flagpole, he beholds a curiously compounded mass of iron and wood. Fascinated, he watches; a boy shouts, "Elevated railway for Brooklyn Bridge!" and immediately a car filled with people rushes along the lofty rails.

His eyes fatigued, he lowers them to the ground as he pinches himself

to see if he be really awake. But here again are unlooked-for marvels, as in the middle of the street, instead of the old, common dirt he had so often trod, he now beholds a honey-comb of glass through which, gazing down, he sees a monstrous cave, flooded with light which comes from he knows not where. A great rumbling begins, a violent commotion is heard as if the earth were opening to swallow him and lo! with a roar and a shrill scream a train of cars whizzes by, and vanishes as suddenly as it had come. There Rip stands for fully five minutes as if rooted to the ground. Poor, unschooled Rip! how little you know of Greater New York's underground world.

The confused sounds of numerous drums and bugles causes the perplexed Rip to turn his eyes from the mysterious subway to the fair city he had almost for the moment forgotten. There, marching before him, is an army of soldiers—a continuous procession of flashing steel, prancing steeds, golden sashes, brilliant uniforms and costly banners of all colors; a peculiar combination of red, white and blue predominating. And now as he fixes his attention on the crowd, observes the carriages, marvels at the pennants, emblems and banners of the ever-increasing throng, he notices, to his still greater surprise, that all bear

the same description—"Hudson-Fulton Exposition."

"Hello! old hay-seed, where did you spring from?"

Rip wheels about and for the first time sees to his intense mortification that he is completely surrounded by a throng of people attired in the most outlandish costumes imaginable. Instead of the traditional knickerbockers, blouse-shirt, long stockings, wide collars, broad-brimmed hats, this vulgar crowd wears long-legged trousers, long coats, starched shirts, hemisphere hats and high collars, all of which helps to tangle the more Rip's already distracted brain.

Helplessly he gazes at the rabble. Some one cries, "Let's have some fun with him," whereupon they begin to indulge in jests and rough sport. While undergoing this painful ordeal, several men dressed in blue and using their clubs freely break up the crowd; and one, taking Rip aside, advises him to move on down the street. He obeys, and saunters down the avenue till he comes to a vast park close by the river. Babel's confusion was nothing compared to this experience, so great is the crowd and so diversified the strange sounds that pierce his ears. The sailors from the German war-ships, the marines from the British fleet, the gaping country folk, the indifferent city-bred, the sons of the well-to-do, and lastly poor Rip Van Winkle, are all mingled in one seething mass. At their feet roll the beau-

tiful waters of the Hudson, on whose bosom innumerable craft in holiday attire are moving gracefully: yawls, launches, yachts and ships of war present to the long-slept eye of Rip a picture so novel and stupendous that he can only stare in hopeless astonishment.

Just then a newsboy dashes by him shouting, "Here comes the President!" Soon a strange machine approaches, adding to the din by many a honk, honk! and chug, chug! while a squad of men in blue seem to keep guard about it. Standing in the car is an extraordinarily corpulent man. He continually turns about, bowing to the people and waving a salute with his black silk hat while the crowd incessantly shouts, "Hurrah for Taft! Hurrah for the President!"

When the cortege has passed, Rip notices that the eyes of the crowd are turned upwards. Following their example, he raises his eyes and perceives high in the air a huge bird with mighty wings extended, which holds in its talons a cage containing a human being. Awe-stricken he watches it fly like a vulture carrying its prey; he sees it pass over two vessels, the one resembling a huge box with sides bulged out and with strange clusters of paddles slowly revolving at either side; the other, the Half Moon, similar to the sailing vessels he was accustomed to see ascending the Hudson; and his eyes follow the bird until it is lost in the folds of the passing clouds.

The cry of "Hurrah for the Wright Brothers!" now smites the ears of the wondering Rip, causing him to quickly lower his gaze, to see what had possessed this howling, mad-like multitude. In so doing his eyes for one brief moment rest on the river. To his great horror a boat, shaped like a huge cigar, which had been gliding smoothly over the water, disappears beneath the waves. Poor Rip shud-

ders as he thinks of the pitiable death that must be the lot of those imprisoned within its walls.

But when he sees that no one rushes to the rescue or even takes notice of the dreadful disaster, his poor heart fails him, his head reels, and Rip falls to the ground in a faint. Once more the old sleep is upon him. When will he next awaken?

Thomas P. Hale, '11

Ours is the harvest, but the seed was sown
By hands far sturdier than our own;
Our good ship sails into the haven fair,
But stouter pilots guided it there;
Victory's lustre o'er our banner is shed,
But the battle was won by our noble dead.

J. C. R.



THE FOOTBALL CAMPUS—MAXON FIELD



Rev. John Bannister Tabb

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

Having had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the Rev. John Bannister Tabb, and having been so fortunate as to be a student of his English class during the scholastic year of 1893-94, and being a Southerner by birth as was this reverend gentleman, it is with much pleasure and sentiment that I recall some of the many pleasant moments spent in his company. Father Tabb was a loyal American, a true Southern gentleman and a most capable man. He was a Virginian by birth, and a Marylander by adoption. Born at the old Tabb homestead, The Forest, in Amelia County, Va., he received there his primary education under private tutors; there he lived until the beginning of the Civil War, when he entered the Confederate services as Captain's Clerk aboard the Confederate steamer, Robert E. Lee, which was captured while doing blockade service. Father Tabb with the crew of the captured steamer, were taken prisoners and sent to Point Lookout, Md., where he met Sidney Lanier, also a prisoner of war. They became very fond of one another and together suffered the hardships of war, barely escaping death from scurvy. The ties of friendship formed between these two distinguished Southerners were never to be broken, as is so beautifully illustrated

in the following lines dedicated by Father Tabb to his departed comrade:

Ave Sidney Lanier.

"Ere Time's horizon-line was set,
Somewhere in space our spirits met,
Then o'er the starry parapet
Came wandering here.
And now that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge, I haste amain
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)
To greet thee there."

At the close of the Civil War, Father Tabb devoted himself to the study of music, of which he was very fond, and later became a teacher in Saint Paul's School, Baltimore. He was a great reader and student, and later took up the study of theology and soon began preparations for entering the Protestant Episcopal Church; but, to use his own words, which I quote from memory, "he felt a kindly light leading him gently on"—which finally led him to embrace the Catholic Faith. After due preparation for the priesthood, he was ordained by His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons. He then devoted his life to teaching, assuming charge of the English classes at Saint Charles College, near Ellicott City, Md., where he died, November 19, 1909.

Father Tabb was a most capable teacher of English, his methods being

entirely original and so easy of interpretation that no one could misconstrue them. He was famous for his "Bone Rules," a method of his own which removed all obstacles that might arise in the fundamental principles of a student's English education.

It was with pleasure that his pupils looked forward to that hour of class with Father Tabb. The lessons of the day over, he would devote the remaining minutes to reading or reciting verse from the pen of one of the poets whom he loved to quote. He was an ardent admirer of Edgar Allen Poe, Tennyson, Dickens, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats.

Father Tabb was witty, and afforded the boys many good laughs during the breakfast hour as he passed through the refectory, or during his tours through the campus at recreation time. Everyone was fond of Father Tabb, and all sought his company when an opportunity presented itself.

Father Tabb was generous with his contribution of poetry, not to the public, for he did not seek publicity, but to his friends who were always eager for what I have frequently heard him call his "scratchings." Short, indeed, were his writings, but always beautifully written and with feeling from his very soul. Even after suffering the loss of sight, he wrote the following short poem which clearly and tenderly expresses his feelings:

"GOING BLIND"

Back to the primal gloom
Where life began
As to my mother's womb
Must I, a man,
Return.

Not to be born again,
But to remain
And in the school of darkness learn
What means

"The things unseen."

After a year's affliction from loss of sight, his spirit departed this life, and no more touching tribute could be paid his memory than that pronounced by the Rev. Father Connor in his eulogy of the deceased:

"How powerless does death seem, in a case like this, to achieve a real victory. It was surely no violent transition by which the soul of Father Tabb passed from the temporal to the eternal. As an exiled spirit, he seemed to tread through paths of earth where most of us are content to find a home.

"Father Tabb, as he will linger always in our memory, was essentially a worshipper. His art was not an end, but a means. Poetry was with him not a substitute for religion, but an inspiration that made religion all the more necessary.

"He worshipped at a thousand shrines, it is true—not, however, the god, Pantheism, but the God of faith, the God of revelation. His imagination could detect God's dwelling in the

light of setting suns, but his faith found a more real presence in the light of the sanctuary lamp. His religion was not a sentiment, but a service. It found its expression, not in beautiful verses but in his heroic patience, his touching self-denial, his absolute and unreserved resignation to the will of God."

His resignation to the will of God is touchingly expressed in the following little poem from his own pen:

CONFIDENT

Another Lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,

Among Thy Father's sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother's breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest waking it should bleat and pine
for me!

I now recall his last words to me,
which were:

"And thou, though thou shouldst
never see my face again, pray for my
soul."

May we not pause and silently offer
a prayer for the sweet repose of his
spirit!

E. M. Ennis

The magi came to Bethlehem,
The House of Bread; and following them,
As they the star, I too am led
To Christ, the living House of Bread.

J. B. TABB.

The Heroism of a Newsboy

In the world there are many deeds of heroism which are never recorded. We are wont to think that heroic deeds are done only by those who are far away, or whose names are always in print or on the tongues of every one. And yet, gentle reader, I think that after reading the little story I am about to relate, you will agree with me that actions just as heroic as those done by so-called great men happen in our very midst. I shall tell it in the words of Father Paul, the parish priest of a little church in Ohio, who was the main actor in the touching incident.

One day, as I was about my usual duties of teaching the boys their catechism, I was interrupted by the sound of a struggle in the back of my little church. Astonished, I turned around and my eyes fell upon a boy of about twelve years of age, dressed in threadbare clothes, who was being pushed into the church by three larger boys.

"What does this mean?" I asked sternly.

"This boy has been hanging around here every day for a week," said the spokesman of the three, "and as he was afraid to come in, we have tried to bring him in by force."

The boy stood like a wild animal at bay, his fists clenched, searching the room with a terrified glance, for some possible means of escape.

"What is your name, my son?" I asked kindly.

"Will, sir," he answered timidly, twirling his cap in his hands.

"Are your parents living?" I asked.

"No, Father," answered one of the boys who seemed to know him, "he ain't got no parents nor nobody to live with; he is just a newsboy."

"One of life's waifs," I thought, deeply touched by the story of the poor boy, "thrown upon the wave of humanity, whom nobody wants, and whom nobody cares for, with no parents to whom he may tell his joys and sorrows. Oh, how hard it is to be in the cold world alone, and alone to fight the battle of life!"

"Are you a Catholic, Will?" I asked.

"Yes, Father," replied the boy.

"Would you like to make your First Communion?" I continued.

"Yes, Father," he eagerly answered, and his face lighted up with an expectant smile.

"Well, sit down here," I said, "and I will teach you all that you need to know."

That evening Will was silent, listening to everything that was spoken, with his large brown eyes fixed intently upon me, observing every move I made.

The next evening he was on hand, dressed in a neat suit of clothes, with clean hands and face. From that time

on he made great progress in his catechism. He passed his examination easily, and consequently was allowed to make his First Communion.

I had given him a new suit of clothes for this happy occasion, and after he had made his First Communion, I found him a comfortable place to live in; but he soon deserted it to take up his abode with a pious old woman who took him to her humble cottage, sharing her bare necessities of life with him.

Will had luckily obtained a position as messenger boy, and in return for the old woman's love, gave her the small salary he earned. He visited me whenever he had an opportunity, and I read to him short and instructive stories. As his visits continued I noticed with some anxiety a hard, hacking cough, which of late had taken hold of him. Granny had also been to see me, greatly worried about her boy.

"I don't know what to make of my boy," Granny said. "At all hours of the night he is down on his knees praying. Can't you get him to play more?"

"I will try," I answered.

After Granny had left, I thought within myself, "that lad is certainly a chosen soul; how much he resembles a young saint, with his large, honest, brown eyes, opened wide with wonder as I read to him the deeds done by the noble soldiers of Christ!"

One evening when I had just fin-

ished reading to him the story of a martyr who had died for Christ, he looked up at me and said wistfully: "Father, I, too, would like to die a martyr."

"You can," I said, "if not by the sword or fire, surely by loving others better than yourself, by sacrificing your own life to save others."

It was now the latter part of January and the weather was intensely cold. As I opened the door one evening for Will to leave, a blast of icy wind swept through the door, nearly taking us off our feet.

"Have you car-fare?" I asked, drawing my cloak close around me, for it was a bitter cold night.

"No, Father," the boy answered, "I guess I left it in my other suit; but I can run and thus keep warm."

"No," I exclaimed, "you would freeze on a night like this. Here is a nickel; take it and be off."

"Thank you, Father," said he, "I will simply borrow it and pay you back to-morrow."

With this, and my blessing upon him, he ran hurriedly down the steps and was soon lost to sight in the darkness.

The weather continued bitter cold the next few days, and nobody ventured out of doors except in case of necessity. I thought no more of Will, being sure he had arrived home in safety, until I received a telephone message "to please come to a house in which some one was dying."

The house proved to be Granny's humble dwelling.

Granny met me at the door, with her apron over her face, crying as if her heart would break.

"Who is dying?" I asked.

"Oh, my poor boy, Willie," she said between sobs. "He has borrowed something of you, Father, and it is worrying him. This way, Father," and she beckoned me into the dying boy's room.

Will did not see me at first, as I stood looking at him tossing feverishly on the bed. Every now and then a convulsive cough would shake him from head to foot.

When he saw me, his pale face lit up with a smile of welcome and he exclaimed, "Oh, Father, I'm so glad to see you. I would like to go to confession and receive my Lord Jesus in my heart."

After making his confession and receiving Holy Communion he said: "Father, has Granny paid you the money I owe you? If she has not, she will."

"That's all right, Will," I answered, "let your thoughts rest on nothing but God, whom you will soon see."

After anointing him I asked: "Will, what did you do with the money I gave you?"

"Father, I gave it to some one who needed it more than I did. You know, Father," he murmured, "you told me

that I could die a martyr by loving others better than myself."

He passed away that evening at six o'clock with a happy, contented smile on his face.

The next day I sang High Mass over the remains of the little waif. A large gathering was present, and as, in my sermon, I acquainted them with the heroism of the little soul just gone to heaven, there was not a dry eye in the church.

At the conclusion of the funeral ceremonies, an old man with tears in his eyes stumbled forward and in a broken voice exclaimed, "It was I, Father, who unknowingly caused the lad's death. I was standing on the corner of the street, waiting for the car. It was extremely cold and I was almost frozen. My hands became numb and I dropped my car-fare in the snow. I was looking for it when the boy came along. I asked him to please help me look for my lost nickel. While he was hunting for it, the car came. I told him to hurry on and not to mind the coin or he would miss the car himself. He handed me a nickel and then disappeared. God forgive me, for having caused the death of so fine a boy. I would most willingly give up my own life for the sake of restoring his."

"Yes," I murmured, "he gave up his life for you. At the age of twelve, he died a martyr of charity."

Vernon Alford,

Second Academic

A Visit to Rome

It was a great surprise to me, when at the close of College, I was informed that I was to visit Rome. Not to tire the reader with a detailed account of the trip through the other parts of Europe, I will endeavor to describe the pleasant experiences that are in store for every college boy, whose happy lot it is to visit the Eternal City. Eternal City it is, indeed, rising in solid grandeur above the seven hills. The stately buildings, the ancient churches, the mighty Vatican, all breathe a spirit of permanency and unchangeableness.

As a Jesuit College boy, two things became the absorbing objects of my curiosity. I desired to see the Pope and then come face to face with him, who holds in his right hand that by which the whole Jesuit Order is moved, their General, Fr. Wernz.

To secure an audience with His Holiness, it is necessary to have a letter of introduction from some responsible citizen, to the Cardinal Secretary of State. This I secured and presented myself to the Cardinal, who gave me a card on which was written my name and address, the name of the citizen who introduced me, as well as the day and hour of my audience.

As is well known, certain customs are observed by all who visit the Vatican. Men wear black, and women, white or black, as a mark of respect

when given an audience by the Pope.

On the day appointed we were driven in a closed carriage to the Vatican. Walking through numerous corridors, all guarded by Papal soldiers, we at last turned into a small ante-room and awaited the approach of the Cardinal. On arriving, His Eminence bade us follow him through a large hall, magnificently decorated in a most luxurious style; from here we passed into the room where we were to meet the Holy Father. His Holiness soon entered, accompanied by eight Swiss Guards. The Pope was clad in a loose fitting robe of pure white, and wearing a small cap of the same color.

His Holiness spoke a few words to us about America and its Catholicity, and then blessing us, returned to his private apartments. The thought that we had just spoken to the Vicar of Christ, a personage whose name and authority is revered by Catholics all over the world, held us spellbound for several minutes.

The Cardinal then conducted us into the museum and we began alone our explorations of the wonders of the Vatican. Here we saw the masterpieces of the world on canvass and in marble, carefully preserved for the enlightenment of the world.

Leaving the museum, we entered the gardens, where His Holiness daily walks with his Cardinals. By way of

comparison, I thought of the Italian gardens that grace my Alma Mater, and though their beauty has been admired by visitors and students for generations past, it seemed to me that they were but a faint reflection, a suggestion merely, of the beauty that was spread out before my eyes, when they first rested on the Vatican gardens. Here was gardening carried to perfection. Labyrinthine walks, winding in graceful curves among the hedges, offer the Pope the only opportunity for exercise and rest in the open air.

Leaving the grounds, we entered the conference chamber, wherein are settled the weighty questions concerning the government of the entire Catholic world.

The next place of interest is the Cathedral of St. Peter, the most awe-inspiring spectacle to greet the eye of the visitor. The first thing to be seen, on entering, is the huge main altar of marble and gold. Here lies the body of St. Peter, enshrined in a casket of costliest metal.

Mosaics decorate the walls and ceilings of the church, and so perfect is the work, that I was obliged to look twice before I saw it was not an oil painting. Greater pens than mine have failed to describe this wondrous structure. I can merely say that I visited St. Peter's, and let it go at that.

Being a student of a Jesuit College,

I naturally wished to visit the General of the Society of Jesus, before leaving Rome. Accordingly, I visited the German College, the residence of the General. I was kept waiting but a few moments, when the "Black Pope," as he is called, entered the room.

Imagine my surprise when I beheld not an austere and stern man as I had expected, but the exact counterpart of my professors and prefects of old Spring Hill.

Fr. Wernz conversed freely with us in English, and when he heard that I was from Spring Hill, the conversation turned on college life. On account of the ill feeling which the Roman people have against the Jesuits, the General and his staff live almost the lives of hermits, rarely going out of doors. So impressed was I by the kindness of Fr. Wernz, and so interested in his anecdotes, that when the time came to leave, I was loathe to depart.

Several days later, as the train was leaving the city, I glanced back at the seven hills of Rome, quiescent in the light of the setting sun, and my thoughts turned to the great prisoner in the Vatican, and the other prisoner in the German College, and I sent a prayer heavenwards that the day might soon come when they could trod once more the streets of the Holy City.

W. Miller, '13

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Editorials

Greetings

A Happy New Year to all our friends! We rejoice, indeed, to be with you again in this season of peace and cheer. Doubtlessly, you have noticed that we have donned a new attire for the Holidays, which we hope and trust will please the most critical fancy of our old boys and of our friendly exchanges.

Although it was, with reluctance, that we laid aside the beautiful design as well as the title of the Review, we felt that the rapid development of literary and athletic work among the student body in general, required a larger and freer medium of communication; consequently, **The Springhillian** was thought to be the most appropriate messenger of the welcome tid-

ings of our college's prosperity. Alumni! we are striving not only to uphold the high standard of merit which you have attained for our Alma Mater in former years, but, if possible, to surpass it.

College Spirit Many college papers have been steadily and persistently clamoring for a better college spirit: a strengthening of that unity of mind and purpose which may truly be called the stalk from which develop the branches and fruits of joy, friendship and character. We, too, have often made similar appeals, for, we regret to say, there have been times in the past, when the *esprit de corps* in college activities, that element which is most essential and desirable for honest rivalry, seemed to be woefully deficient; but this year we have every reason to congratulate heartily the entire student body upon their loyalty and excellent spirit, manifested on every occasion; upon their gentlemanly bearing under any and all circumstances; upon their kind regard for one another; and upon their unstinted generosity in assisting in the development and improvement of athletics. Keep it up, boys, for it is this, and nothing else, that sweetens the days of study, brightens the hours of recreation and leaves the deepest memories inscribed upon the soul, to be treasured and enjoyed in after life.

Football. Much discussion has been raised and heavy censures pronounced on football during the present season. And not without reason. For it seems to us that a game which belongs to college life should be regulated so as to preserve and develop the physical powers without, at the same time, placing so valued a possession as human life in jeopardy.

That the game of football does develop the physical forces by the systematic course of training and exercise it demands, no one who has seen the game as played under proper management, can deny. Still less will the devotee of the game dare contend that risk to life and limb is eliminated by the present system of revised rules. The painful record of this year's injuries is still before us.

While we are not prepared to admit that this form of sport is proven unsuitable for college boys by the accidents which have occurred—for what branch of open air athletics is without its risks?—we still hold to the belief that something more vital than the vague rules of the "Guide" is necessary to insure fair play in a game open to such hazards.

We contend for three essential elements, not guaranteed by the rules, but which we have found, by personal experience, capable of making football a clean, wholesome sport, viz: personal control of games and players by the faculty; the excluding from the

schedule of all teams noted for roughness or foul play; and finally, the establishing among the student body of a true criterion of success in their games, and a higher-toned college spirit.

As to faculty management, it is our opinion that, in a matter of such vital importance to players and parents, justice to both requires that the faculty directly and at close range should supervise this sport. It is properly its place to decide what students are physically able to take part in this exercise—and none other should ever be permitted to enter a scrimmage—to determine if this or that team is a fair opponent, evenly matched in age and weight, to see that no foul tactics are countenanced by coaches or captain, to exclude from the squad those who cannot master their temper, and above all, to prevent a player, once he has been injured, from again playing before he has fully recovered. Without this careful supervision of the conscientious sort, the college athlete may be pitted against too strong an opponent or, carried away by a false fear of being frowned down as a coward, may be led to enter the list in a sickly condition, thereby exposing himself to serious, if not fatal, injuries.

This feature has been the guiding spirit of football at Spring Hill; to it, in large measure, is due the fact that the game has always been a clean,

wholesome, and not excessively dangerous game for our boys.

Once the faculty has taken personal control of football in the college, the first move should be to arrange the schedule, not with a view to extensive advertising, but looking rather to the students' well-being, providing opportunities for wholesome exercise and enjoyment in contests against fair opponents. It is plainly against all sense of college sport for boys unequally matched, especially when to the natural desire to win is added the spirit of bitterness and animosity, to meet in so strenuous a conflict. And this too often happens when the students are freely allowed to follow their own plans. For naturally reckless as boys are, and impelled, on the one hand, by a false fear that to refuse a challenge is cowardice, and on the other, by an equally insane belief that by this they are heaping glory upon their Alma Mater—as if a college does not derive its fame and true value from something more substantial—they accept games with all teams promiscuously. Hence we often see young, undeveloped boys playing against grown men or trained athletes, banded together for a little, but often cruel, recreation. These men are as a rule under no restraint, and as is frequently seen, are unmindful of the very principles of clean sport. In such an encounter a boy is placed in real danger, and it is a miracle of God's providence if the young player

is not injured. And who must bear the blame, but the faculty, for having approved of, or at least connived at, so unreasonable a contest?

No wonder football has come to be looked upon as a crude, almost barbarous form of amusement, by many who have had the misfortune to witness, under the name of football, a brutal struggle resembling a free-for-all prize fight in which young college fellows were battling against a strong, rough, unscrupulous club. Such encounters deserve to be abolished by law; they are rowdy fights, not football.

The principle, so sacred in moral education, that only the good are to be associated with one who is being trained in the virtues and habits of a gentleman, is especially applicable when there is question of the men who are to take the part of opponents in college athletics. The gentleman should not be thrown in with the low and tough element here, any more than he should be elsewhere. Since college sport is, so we understand it, any form of health-giving exercise wherein gentleman meets gentleman, we do not see why a team, having even one player who lacks these qualifica-

tions, should not be barred from the schedule.

Lastly, we would suggest that a loftier, purer idea of college spirit, supplanting the prevalent inane notions, would contribute much to a better and cleaner football. It is a sad mistake which college men as a rule are not made to realize that there can be honor even in defeat because of duty well performed; that the players on a team are an honor to their college if they do their respective parts nobly, fearlessly, gallantly, whether victory or defeat attend their efforts. Certainly the glory of Alma Mater is not augmented, nor is the spirit of the student body elevated by the achievements of a team that puts victory above fair play, and would win it at any cost.

On a prudent, careful system, based on the principles above noted, Spring Hill's athletic fabric has been constructed; and the result has been most gratifying to faculty, students and spectators. Parents, before adverse to football, have watched the game on our campus and have become strong advocates of the sport, safeguarded, as it is here, by faculty supervision and the students' love of fair play.



THE VARSITY, '09

COLLEGE NOTES

J. Becker, '12

Knights of Colum- Last August Mo-
bus Visit S. H. C. bile was given a
rare treat by the
Knights of Col-
umbus, who assembled here from all
parts of the country for their annual
convention. The city was in gay at-
tire for four days. The splendid elec-
trical illuminations and tasty decora-
tions rivaled the fairest Mardi Gras.
The visiting Knights paid an official
visit to Spring Hill, and all went away
with the opinion that the College was
situated among the prettiest environ-
ments they had ever seen.

We are proud to think that many of
our old boys figured prominently in
the festivities. Past State-Deputy
Matt Mahorner, A. B., '94, was the soul
of the big enterprise, and he won new
fame by the manner in which he ac-
quitted himself of his arduous task.
Mr. Mahorner was singularly honored
in the elections which followed, being
made a member of the National Board
of Directors.

Hon. George Sullivan, LL.D., '08,
was second only to Mr. Mahorner in
making the visit of the Knights mem-
orable. Other S. H. C. Knights who
distinguished themselves in the con-
vention, were Mr. James H. Glennon,
A. B., '97, Grand Knight; Mr. Wil-
liam Crowley, A. B., '96, Past Grand
Knight; and Mr. Tisdale J. Touart,
A. B., '01.

D. Moran, '11

Hymeneal On the 17th of August,
in the Church of the Gesu
attached to Marquette University,
Milwaukee, Professor August Staub
was married to Miss Alice Theresa
Boyle, of Columbus, Miss., but of late
a resident of Mobile. The officiating
priest was to have been Very Rever-
end C. T. O'Callaghan, D. D., V. G.,
of St. Vincent's Church, Mobile, who
was then staying at a sanitarium; but
an accident prevented his attending
the marriage, and Rev. Father Fitzger-
ald, S. J., performed the ceremony.
Dr. O'Callaghan is an old friend of
both the contracting parties. THE
SPRINGHILLIAN wishes our faith-
ful Professor of music and his charm-
ing wife many years of happy wedded
life.

Admiral Semmes' Centenary On September
25th, Admiral
Semmes' Day, due
honor was rendered to one of the
South's greatest men. The bands
played patriotic and martial airs, and
a half holiday was granted. Father
de la Moriniere, Professor of Philoso-
phy, went to New Orleans to deliver
a public oration before the Confederate
Veterans. Fr. de la Moriniere is
Ass't. Div. Chaplain, Ala., Div., of the
United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Columbus Day All the students were
delighted when, on
October 12th, the anniversary of the

discovery of America, an opportunity was given them to do homage to the great Navigator. It brought the boys a holiday and a delightful entertainment, furnished by the College Band. Rev. Fr. President addressed the students, urging them to take pattern after the great Catholic heroes of history, and to strive to accomplish great things for their country and their religion.

Marion-M. M. I. Game

On November 6th, the Varsity squad, the loyal scrubs and both graduating classes were granted the privilege of witnessing the football game between Marion and M. M. I. As the former had defeated our boys two days before, much interest in the game was manifested. But the rather drooping spirits of the "Star" back field of Marion and their half-hearted playing, together with the extremely short halves of fifteen minutes each, made the game a disappointment. But the boys had a good time, enjoying to the full the trolley ride, while they filled the air with their "Soiahs" for Spring Hill.

"What Happened to Jones"

Once more the Thespians of the Senior Academy were called upon to help out the football squad, and they acquitted themselves nobly in a good farce, depicting "What happened to Jones." The play was given at St. Joseph's Hall, November 10th, before a fair-sized

audience. The humorous theme started by setting the audience off in a laugh, which knew no interruption while the players were on the stage. All the members of the troupe acted their parts in perfect fashion. D. Moran, as Jones, J. Duggan as Professor, and B. Munoz as the escaped Indian, excelled in their respective roles.

Prof. F. Miller, Gymnasium Director of the Y. M. C. A., kindly furnished a specially prepared number, giving a splendid exhibition in tumbling and club swinging. He was ably assisted by his little son and daughter, who won great applause by their clever feats. Prof. Miller has always been a most gracious friend of the College.

Bishop Allen's Visit

There was much jubilation when Bishop Allen paid his first visit of the scholastic year to the College on November 9th. He stole in upon the boys at table, and was met with a rousing cheer, to which His Lordship responded in a few, happy words of greeting and hinted at a holiday which brought forth unanimous applause.

The Bishop took dinner with the faculty; after which he was invited to the Portico where the College Band had prepared an entertainment. After some exquisite selections had been rendered, Bishop Allen spoke to the boys a few words of praise and encouragement, wished their football

team success, and begged them to do their part to retrieve the one defeat they had received from a stronger foe. This drew forth hearty cheers that became deafening when the Bishop requested a holiday for the boys, which was readily granted.

Governor Draper's Visit Spring Hill was honored with a place on the itinerary of the "Official Tour of Massachusetts Statesmen." On the 12th of November, a large and distinguished party from the Bay State, headed by Governor Draper, passed through Mobile en route to unveil the Massachusetts monument at Baton Rouge, La., erected in memory of her sons of the army and navy who served in the Department of the Gulf, and are buried in and near Baton Rouge. The visitors had but a few hours in which to see the historic spots in and about Mobile. They drove out to the College in carriages and were met by the Rev. President, who offered to have them meet the students and invited the Governor to give a short talk; but, as their stay was limited to about half an hour, and they were desirous of seeing everything about the College, no public reception was held. Spring Hill, set among the pines, was a revelation to the northerners. The Governor was accompanied by men of prominence in military and political circles, especially members of the Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives, and by

his wife and daughter and other ladies.

Old Faces Return

A happy surprise was given to the College on November 18th, when Fr. W. J. Tyrrell, S. J., our former president, and Fr. Navin, S. J., famed as director of senior athletics in '99, returned for a short visit. They could not find words to express their amazement at the great changes that have taken place at Spring Hill since their last visit. The new wing, with all its improvements, and the beautiful chapel nearing completion, were revelations to them of the growing Spring Hill.

Thanksgiving Visitors

Never did a Thanksgiving Day dawn on Spring Hill more beautiful and exhilarating than the last one. It was a gala day at the College, and after a grand "spread" in the refectory, all repaired to the football field to witness the game between the Fort Morgan Soldiers and the Collegians. A great victory, in which the skilfully worked trick-plays of the boys piled up twenty points, while the Soldiers were stoutly held from crossing our goal line, filled the cup of our happiness. We were glad to see so many of our old boys back to visit Alma Mater, and to witness one more of the famous Thanksgiving games. Among the visitors were F. Chalin, '09, and J. Brown, '09, from New Or-

leans, Wallace Kevlin, '08, from Belize, B. H., and nearly all of the Mobile alumni.

Our Lady's Feast

The old custom of honoring our Lady's Immaculate Conception by a public demonstration before her shrine in front of the College, was observed with great enthusiasm this year. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the energetic sodalists who planned the decorations and so tastefully prepared the shrine.

A more inspiring sight could hardly be imagined than the graceful statue of the Blessed Virgin, enshrined in a bower draped with smilax and palm, and beautifully illuminated by chains of incandescent bulbs, with the gray of the newly stuccoed chapel as a fitting background. The singing of the hymns must have brought joy to our Lady as it rose from every tongue and heart in full harmony.

Banquet to the Squad

On Wednesday, December 1st, the Varsity squad was entertained at an Oyster Supper given by Mr. Charles Schimpf, Jr., '09, in honor of Spring Hill's recent victory over M. M. I. The private dining hall at Schimpf's Café was tastefully decorated in the College colors and American flags, while large bunches of white chrysanthemums tied with blue ribbon, added greatly to the beauty of the room. The boys were unanimous in declaring that they had spent a

most enjoyable evening, and all entertain the most grateful sentiments towards the host, and his kind parents who so ably assisted in making the affair a grand success. As they rose from the table, the boys gave a hearty "Soiah" for the generous host, and many more for Coach Maxon and Spring Hill.

Maxon Night

To all Spring Hill boys of the past few years, the word "Maxon Night" will conjure up sweetest memories. This year the student body had no less reason for being grateful to their friend and helper, Mr. E. G. Maxon, who has piloted our Varsity through many successful seasons and to whom, above all others, we are indebted for the clean, wholesome athletics which have made Spring Hill famous throughout the Southern states. As we go to press, the boys are busy planning a surprise for our loyal coach; and ere this is read, we trust that the students of '09-'10 will have made clear in what high regard they hold their genial friend. Hats off, boys, to Mr. Maxon.

Improvements

All our friends are aware that the damage done by the fire, has been more than compensated for by the new and convenient East Wing which has been furnished in the most up-to-date style. The new study hall, with its Tungsten lamps, the light and airy dormitories, the spacious locker rooms, and the lavatories finished in marble, all wit-

ness the fact that neither care nor expense was spared when there was question of the comfort or convenience of the little fellows.

Much credit is due Messrs. Downey and Denham, Architects, and the Jett Bros. Contracting Co., who were in charge of these improvements. Their greatest achievement, however, is the grand Gothic Chapel now nearly completed. At the very entrance it stands, rising in majesty and beauty above the other buildings. Its massive gray walls, its graceful Gothic windows, and its cross-crowned gables, arrest the attention of every visitor; and it is the candid confession of critics cognizant of such affairs, that it is a work of the highest architectural merit, not surpassed in the Southland. The workmen are busy finishing the interior, and it is hoped that the "Allelulias" of Easter Day will resound within its walls.

'10 Class Banquets The feast of St. Catherine falling on Thanksgiving Thursday, the annual banquet of the A. B. class was held November 13th and that of the B. S. class November 27th, both at Schimpf's Restaurant. On each occasion, the dining hall was beautifully decorated in class, College and national colors. All report having had a most enjoyable time.

Doctor O'Callaghan, V. G. It was a great pleasure for us to receive a visit from Very Rev. Dr. C.

T. O'Callaghan, V. G., shortly after his return from Milwaukee, where he had gone for his health. The Doctor looked quite improved, and we hope he will continue well for many a year, to watch over his beloved flock. No one is more welcome at his Alma Mater.

The Firing Line

Fair visitor at game: "Oh! they knocked three of your men out!"

One who knew: "No, that's Lebeau stretched out at his full length."

Who is the College Rah-Rah?—No, I mean beside Ball.

Benje, from the third-story window: "Hey! Black, is it cold out there?"

Black: "Don't ask me; ask some of those thinly clad sports. I got on my woollens."

"What happened to Jones?" Oh! he got out of the fight all right, but the police must have broken up the crowd before they assembled.

AFTER THE GAME

In their togs of white and purple,
Stand the victors crowned with myrtle,

Saying nil;

While the College boys are rooting
And the honk-honk horns are tooting

For the Hill.

Then the boys their "hoe pertater"
Sing till "half-past alligator,"

Sis, Boom, Bah!

With a Soiah, Soiah, Soiah!

Varsity, we all are for you

With a Rah!

What two poems studied in college,
became famous after Marion's visit?

Ans. "Sweet Auburn" and "The
Village Blacksmith."

Thanks to Diaz, our Seniors are now
sporting about in the latest college
styles. All they needed was a "boost"
and a little example.

Lebeau: "Say, Fatty, go run those
cows off the campus."

Firment: "Those aren't cows; that's
the Glee Club rehearsing."

Barber: "What style haircut?"

Ball: "Football, of course."

Barber: "I'm afraid there isn't
enough hair."

Ball: "Well, give me two bottles of
Herpicide then."

Ten out of every nine have 'em; so
Eastin still keeps his Teddy Bear.

"Grandpa reminds me of Rip Van
Winkle."

"How so?"

"He's got a corner on the deep-sleep
market, and he has only one awaken-
ing."

"When is that?"

"Every football season."

That Football Oyster Supper

Why an *oyster* supper? ask we all.

Is't because they *close* upon the ball?

Or their rivals pluck from out their *shell*,

And upon the *gridiron fry* them well?

Alumni

Mr. John Lynch, class of '71, of '71 Atlanta, Ga., was here on a visit last September, having accompanied his nephew, Mr. Claude Williamson, of Second Academic, who entered College this year. Mr. Lynch became a youngster again in old Spring Hill, and told many interesting stories of his teachers and schoolmates of over forty years ago. He spent several hours going over the grounds and commenting upon the improvements.

Dr. Rhett Goode, class of '72, '72 city health officer of Mobile and a physician and surgeon of wide repute, has been appointed by Secretary of State Knox as delegate from the United States to the International Sanitary Convention, which meets this year at San Jose, Costa Rica.

Dr. Angelo Festorazzi, A. B., '84 '84, was a delegate from Mobile to the third annual convention of the Southern Medical Association held at New Orleans about the middle of November.

As soon as it was decided to '93 rebuild the burnt portion of the College and inaugurate the extensive system of improvements of which our handsome chapel is a specimen, the authorities cast about for a competent superintendent who, while co-operating with the architects and contractors, would at the same time safeguard the interests of the College. This man was found in Mr. George B. Twellmeyer, class of '93, of Yazoo City, Miss., who since last March has devoted all his time and energy to the important work to which he was assigned. Thoroughly skilled in the art of building and furnishing, conscientious and just in all his dealings, calm and even-tempered in the midst of the most annoying circumstances, he has more than given satisfaction to the parties interested in his management and achieved most gratifying results. Too much praise cannot be lavished upon Mr. Twellmeyer's ability as a superintendent.

At the annual commencement '95 of the Medical Department of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., which took place

October 20, Mr. Joseph R. Ducote, A. B., '95, was awarded his diploma as doctor of medicine. He carried off the highest honors of his class. He had previously studied for three years at the Tulane Medical College, and took a summer course at Sewanee to hasten his graduation. He is practicing in Cottonport, La., his native town.

The Springhillian offers its con-'99 gratulations to Mr. George F. McDonnell, B. S., '99, for the good work that he did in helping to expose the horrible slander that was lately perpetrated against the Church and her holy priesthood by the publication and circulation through the Meridian, Miss., Woman's College of the vile leaflet entitled "One Paragraph from the Oath of a Roman Catholic Priest when Sworn into Office." Mr. McDonnell, District Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, with residence at Jackson, Miss., worked with might and main to ferret out and bring to book the author of this infamous charge; and his efforts have been crowned with success. A full account of the work done by himself and his confederates can be found in the late numbers of the New Orleans Morning Star, especially that of November 13th.

During the recent campaign '01 which decided the fate of the amendment to the Alabama law, Mr. Tisdale J. Touart, A. B. '01,

who is a successful attorney in Mobile, did some effective work both with tongue and pen for his side of the discussion.

Dr. Edward B. Dreaper, class of '02 graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, has opened his office in his native city, and during his brief practice has built up a numerous clientele. We mention with gratitude the fact that Dr. Dreaper acted as head time-keeper in some of our football games this season.

We beg to acknowledge a '03 marked copy of the Selma Times of last October containing an article on Street Paving by Assistant City Engineer John A. Boudousquie, A. B., '03. He strongly advocates the superiority of creosoted wood blocks over all other paving materials, being as noiseless as asphalt and as durable as granite. The article is written in a clear and logical style.

Among the humor columns of '03 the N. O. Picayune, we noticed the following story in which one of our old boys, Dr. Max Touart, A. B., '03, figured prominently. We quote from the Picayune:

Her Joke Not Yet Told

"What's the trouble?" asked Dr. Touart, of Harlem Hospital, as he jumped down from an ambulance in front of a tenement house at 1885 Second Avenue yesterday.

"Woman with a dislocated jaw on

the second floor," said Policeman Hansen, of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, and the two hurried to the apartment of Mrs. Caroline Dressler, who possesses a sense of humor.

Dr. Touart found Mrs. Dressler surrounded by sympathetic friends, who were striving to put back in place a jaw that obviously needed adjusting. Mrs. Dressler was in great pain. "Here, come away from there," said the physician.

Mrs. Dressler's anxious friends fell back abashed. "She was telling a joke and laughed," explained one.

"And then her jaw stuck," added another.

"And she can't tell the joke till her jaw's fixed," added a third; and then silence fell upon that room while those who had spoken waited expectantly. It was clear that that joke would never get out of the room alive.

Dr. Touart worked steadily at the jaw for a few minutes, then there was a click, and Mrs. Dressler was able to work it up and down and sideways with little effort.

"That seems to be all right," she said at length. A relieved murmur went through the room; then there was silence, as every one leaned forward.

"The joke," said a voice from the rear, "Let her tell the joke."

"Oh, it was such a funny joke," cried Mrs. Dressler. "You know. Ha ha. You know—"

"Haw-haw-haw! H-ho-ho!" interrupted Mrs. Dressler's friends. Then Mrs. Dressler suddenly ended the concert by giving a shriek of pain and falling from her chair.

"Here," cried the physician, "shut up! She's dislocated her jaw again."

He set it again and this time insured safety by sundry yards of bandage which will keep the joke bottled up till Mrs. Dressler gets out of Harlem Hospital.

Inquiries by a reporter last night among Mrs. Dressler's friends as to the nature of the joke elicited merely an exasperated snort. Harlem is sensitive on the subject of that lost joke.

We hear with pleasure of the '08 success of J. E. Deegan, B. S., '08, in his architectural pursuits at the University of Pennsylvania.

E. Escalante, A. B., '08, is studying medicine at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

Among those reading law at Tulane are A. Vizard and F. Barker, both of A. B. Class, '08. We hear that the latter is spoken of as a likely candidate for the office of manager of football at the University.

News comes to us from Jefferson Medical College that last year's Editor-in-Chief, Jas. R. Garber, A. B., '09, is making a "hit" in medicine. James still fosters a tender feeling for his Alma Mater and shows great interest in every detail of our college life. We are proud of such an alumnus.

H. C. Adams, A. B., '09, is reading law at St. Louis University. We are glad to learn that he is doing well and is highly pleased with his new surroundings.

Those of B. S., '09, will be delighted to hear that Roger Reid, '09, stands among the highest in his class at Mississippi University. He is taking a course in engineering, and his mathematical bent is gaining for him a reputation.

Another member of the same class is winning honors in another field. Clifford E. Laborde, '09, passed a brilliant examination before the School Board of Avoyelles Parish, La., and was immediately appointed Principal of the Public School at Hessmer, La.

Obituary

Charles Kernion, Mr. Charles Kernion, A. B., '83, went to his reward at Popotla, Mexico, November 18th. The Springhillian extends sympathy to his bereaved wife and family. R. I. P.

John J. Conway Mr. John J. Conway, of Jackson, Miss., spent the years 1904-1905 and 1905-1906 at Spring Hill. After leaving College he went into business and was making rapid strides on the road to success, when sickness set in and forced him to stop working. He caught cold last February and this developed

into tuberculosis. He went to San Antonio, Denver, and finally to California in search of health, but all to no purpose. The deadly disease could not be conquered, and just as Mr. Conway was entering on his twenty-first year, God called him to Himself. One who had known him since childhood testifies that he bore his sufferings heroically and died after having received all the sacraments and blessings of Holy Church. We sincerely condole with the mother of the departed. R. I. P.

George F. Alvey Everyone who was here at the time remembers little George Alvey from Beaumont, Texas, who spent the session 1906-1907 at Spring Hill with his brother Harry. Last July, while on a fishing trip with Harry at La Porte, he was taken suddenly and violently ill and was brought to St. Joseph's Infirmary at Houston. Here it was found necessary to operate on him for appendicitis. The doctors held out little hope from the start; and after he had lingered on for ten days, they thought another operation would save him. He was too weak to take anaesthetics and submitted to the operation while perfectly conscious without a moan. He died in great agony, but possessed of all his senses and praying to the last. He was fortified with the last Sacraments and entirely resigned to God's will. He was buried in Magnolia Cemetery, Beaumont, July 30th.

The Springhillian in the name of the faculty and students, proffers its sympathies to George's father and brothers. R. I. P.

Dr. C. J. Ducote It is our sad duty to record the death of one of Spring Hill's loyal friends, Dr. J. C. Ducote of Cottonport, La. He passed away the morning of October 26, after having been fortified with all the sacraments of Holy Church, of which he was a devoted member. Dr. Ducote had been a State senator, president of the Louisiana State Medical Society, and one of the ablest and best known physicians of his native state. He was the father of Dr. Joseph R. Ducote, A. B., '95, the uncle of Mr. Guy G. Ducote, B. S., '09, and of Mr. Warren P. Ducote, and the grandfather of Messrs. Richard J. and C. S. Ducote Hebert, the last three at present attending the College.

Mrs. Ellen McGrath Another staunch friend of the College went to her reward during the past few weeks. This is Mrs. Ellen McGrath, of Brookhaven, Miss. Her husband was the late John McGrath, who preceded her to the grave six years ago. Two of her sons, Martin and James, attended the College, the latter receiving the degree B. S. in 1890. Besides Messrs. Ferdinand V. Becker and Jack J. McGrath of the class of '02, Mr. Thomas J. McGrath, S. J., of the class of '06, and Messrs.

John J. and Pierre J. Becker of the Sophomore and Freshman classes respectively, are her grandsons.

Funeral of W. M. Walsh The remains of William Martin Walsh, youngest son of Joseph M. and Mary Le Blanc Walsh, were interred in Magnolia Cemetery this morning, the funeral cortege being very large. The funeral procession left the family home, No. 350 State Street, at 9 o'clock, and the funeral services were held in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at 9:30, the edifice being thronged with sorrowing friends of the deceased and his family. The funeral services included requiem mass conducted by Rev. Father Shaw, and an eloquent panegyric by Rev. Father Reville of Spring Hill College. The eulogy of the dead young man was most impressive and beautifully worded.

The pallbearers were Messrs. E. Walsh, Walter Walsh, James Allen, John Druhan and Dr. E. B. Dreaper.

A profusion of handsome floral designs placed on the grave attested the love and admiration for the young man. R. I. P.

As we go to press we learn of the demise of Mrs. Harriet Heiter, grandmother of Mr. James E. Duggan, of the A. B. class, business manager of THE SPRINGHILLIAN, which extends sincere sympathy to the family in its bereavement.

IN MEMORIAM

ALMA MATER

TO

MR. WILLIAM M. WALSH, '08

God guide thee, favored son ! I send thee forth
All fair bedight, as olden knight,
With virtue's shield and learning's potent sword,
To do stout battle for the right.

God stay thee, fearless son ! No recreant thou
To duty's law ; but, dauntless heart,
E'er true to man and truer still to God,
Right nobly dost thou fill life's part.

God speed thee, faithful son ! Thy course is run---
Alas ! too early, men will say.
No ! ne'er too soon can victor brave enjoy
His guerdon---heav'n's eternal day.



WILLIAM M. WALSH, A. B., '08
Born October 8, 1889. Died August 27, 1909



Dr. James Pinckney Booth

[The following account of Dr. Booth's career is taken from the Daily Times of Los Angeles, Cal., October 23rd, 1909. Owing to the fact that our catalogues of the '60's are not complete, we cannot ascertain the length of the Doctor's stay at Spring Hill. Again, we fail to find his name in the list of the graduates. The Diamond Jubilee Book records him as having entered in 1860-1861. This does not agree with the account given below.—EDITOR.]

When death closed the eyes of Dr. James Pinckney Booth yesterday there passed away a kindly and lovable man, eminent physician and notable character of the Southwest, who had won renown as a soldier, as a peace officer, as a lecturer, as an editor and as a brave fighter and conqueror of some of the worst scourges that have swept the country.

In far-away Alabama, in Texas, in New Mexico and in California, in the mountains, on the desert and in the valleys, there will be mourning when the word is received that Dr. Booth is dead, called away long before his usefulness had ended, for he was but 62 years old.

For eighteen months Dr. Booth had been ill, and for several days before the end it was seen that there was no hope. Schooled in all that pertains to physical ills, he was unable to aid the attending physicians in diagnosing his ailment, and as a last resort he was taken to the California Hospital, where for some time before his death he was given the tenderest care.

Dr. Booth came to Los Angeles about seven years ago from Needles, the desert town with which he had been identified almost from its begin-

ning. He made his home here with his daughter, Mrs. James Lawler, No. 1220 West Sixteenth street. Four sons—Jerome, James, Leo and Paul—are residents of Needles where their mother is buried, and whither will be taken on Monday the remains of the father. The funeral will be held there at the Catholic Church, with which Dr. Booth was identified during his long residence in the little town.

While Dr. Booth was extremely well known by the local medical fraternity, even before his arrival in Los Angeles, and afterward as editor of the Los Angeles Medical Journal, he did not come much into public notice until three years ago, when he was urged into the campaign for Coroner as a Democratic and non-partisan candidate. Although practically unknown outside his profession and a small circle of personal friends, he made the most remarkable campaign on record, defeating his Republican opponent, Dr. Lanterman, by 2000 votes in the city of Los Angeles, but failing to carry the country precincts because he was not known. As it was, Lanterman carried the entire city and county by a plurality of only 847.

It was during that campaign that

Dr. Booth's wonderful ability as an orator became generally known in Los Angeles. It was not oratory of the stilted and soaring kind—just simple talk with heart and fun in it. He had an innate sense of humor and a delightful southern accent that moulded into a rare combination. All he had to do to entertain an audience was to recite incidents from his long life of adventure.

There are some who say that the doctor's decline began with his failure to carry the election. It was his first defeat of any kind and he felt it keenly.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Dr. Booth, then but a youth, was attending Georgetown College, Washington, D. C. He had gone there from his home at Eufala, Ala., and among his college mates were many other Southern boys, as well as scores from the North. With several others, Booth went with the Confederate forces, joining a "flying battery" that made a dashing record on the field.

After the war he entered Spring Hill College at Mobile, and after his graduation took a course in medicine. He first practiced his profession in the southern part of Texas, and in the early '80's removed to Fort Worth, where he lived a number of years. It was during his residence there that he did his first practical work as a newspaper man, being for some time city editor of the Fort Worth Gazette.

Attracted to New Mexico in 1885,

he engaged there in the practice of his profession, at the same time doing more or less newspaper work and taking an active interest in politics. He took a lively interest, too, in military affairs, and was among the first members of the First New Mexico Cavalry, going in as assistant surgeon and receiving a commission as first lieutenant at the hands of Gov. Sheldon.

He took part in many brushes with border desperadoes, and when old Geronimo swooped down into the Territory with his band, Booth and his comrades followed the late Gen. Lawton in the chase of the bad Apache, who finally was captured.

While a resident of Las Cruces, Booth was elected to the Territorial Legislature, in which he served two terms. He also was a deputy sheriff during most of his stay in the Territory, and his bravery and prowess with a gun were quite as effective in maintaining peace as were his services as a soldier.

About twenty years ago Dr. Booth left New Mexico and settled at Needles, this State, then but a speck of a town on the desert. There, when there were any patients, he practised medicine, and in his leisure moments devoted himself to the publication of a weekly known as Booth's Bazoo, the forerunner of the present Needles' Eye. Incidentally, he took a hand in politics, and his ability as a writer and speaker was of great value to the

Democratic party. This led to his nomination for sheriff of San Bernardino and he won with no difficulty, serving one term.

It was while practising at San Bernardino that Dr. Booth was called upon to make one of the hardest battles of his life. Smallpox had broken out in a most virulent form at the mining town of Randsburg, and the place seemed doomed by the scourge. Volunteer physicians were called for by the State Board of Health, and the first to respond was Dr. Booth.

Going into the disease-ridden camp, he tenderly cared for the sick, saw to the burial of the dead, and then inaugurated a sanitary campaign that resulted in freeing the place of the pest.

For a time Dr. Booth was president of the San Bernardino County Medical Society, and upon his removal to Los Angeles he joined the local society. Before his last illness he was professor of hygiene at the Physicians' and Surgeons' Medical College.

De Nativitate Christi.

*O Jesu, aethereo lumine blandior
Luna lucidior, sole micantior,
Verna suavior aura
Brumali nive purior.*

*Qui te non amat, est marmore durior
Arcto frigidior, surdior aequore,
Inconstantior auris,
Immanentior ignibus.*



William K. Nicrossi, '10

Football has come and gone; and Spring Hill has won new laurels on the gridiron. For this, all thanks to our coach, Mr. Maxon, for his painstaking care which turned an inexperienced team into a perfect Varsity machine, and for his far-seeing thought which planned a campaign wherein brain mastered brawn; all praise to the plucky squad that learned its lessons well and executed them faultlessly.

The prospect looked rather gloomy when Captain Braud first rounded up the candidates, and it was seen that our available material lacked weight and experience. Thus handicapped, Mr. Maxon took the squad hopefully in hand, and soon achieved results altogether beyond our fondest expectations. The team he put on the field this year was equal to any that has ever represented the College; and though defeated in the early part of the season by our old rival, Marion, in the later contests the players amply made up for deficiency in weight by their gameness, intelligence and perfect team work. They gave many exhibitions of the new, open style of

play, as spectacular as any ever witnessed on university fields.

It is to be regretted that the game with Marion was scheduled so early in the season, as our team was just passing through the first stages of its development. Had the contest come off after our boys had been rounded into the finished form displayed by them at the end of the season, we believe their skill would have prevented even Marion from crossing our goal line. We may remark that in no other game during the past two seasons has the ball been carried behind our goal posts.

Spring Hill 16, Cathedral A. A. 2

On Sunday, October 31, Spring Hill opened her football season. With only a few days of practice, the Varsity met the Cathedral Athletic Association and came off with a victory. The game was played to give the coach a line on the new players and to put the Varsity through some kind of a fray before meeting Marion.

In the first half C. A. A. made a touchback on the kick-off. Spring Hill did not score till the second half,

when in quick succession she made three touchdowns before the game was called.

Spring Hill 0, Marion Institute 14

(From the Mobile Register of November 5th.)

On Gonzaga field yesterday the football warriors of Spring Hill and Marion met in a hard fought game. The Hill team fought their rivals every inch of the field, only to go down in defeat before the heavy line plunges and swift end runs of the Gold and Black by a score of 14 to 0. Spring Hill's team is exceptionally light this year in comparison with the teams of former years. Still the boys upheld their reputation as game fighters.

Marion came to town determined to blot out the defeat of last year with a victory, and she succeeded. Their team outweighed the Collegians fifteen pounds to the man. Credit must be given to Heath for his line plunging; and to quarterback Graves for his good generalship. The Marion team as a whole played good and consistent ball.

For Spring Hill, Captain Braud was the bright, particular star. Time after time he stopped Marion's line plunges, and he himself carried the ball for gains through the opponents' line. Pardue's punting helped greatly towards keeping down the score. In the second half, Spring Hill lost the

services of Becker who went out of the game only at the command of Coach Maxon, after he had been injured. While he was in the game, he repeatedly threw the Marion backs for losses. B. Dolson also played a magnificent game at end.

Marion was penalized for a total of 65 yards for holding at various times. Spring Hill was penalized only once, for off-side play.

The line-up of the two teams:

SPRING HILL	MARION
Frederic, Black	C. Manning
Lebeau	R. G. Dean
Dncote	R. T. Savage (Capt.)
B. Dolson	R. E. Jackson
Lavretta, Frederick	L. G. Stewart
Turregano	L. T. Koppius
Becker, Kevlin	L. E. Finnell
Pardue	Q. Graves
J. Dolson	R. H. Wynne
Bauer	L. H. Shackleford
Braud (Capt.)	F. B. Heath

Summary — Referee, Dr. Madler. Umpire, Mr. Carter. Head Linesman, Mr. Walsh. Time-keeper, Dr. Dreaper. Touchdowns, Heath—2. Drop-kick—Graves. Time of halves, 25 minutes.

Spring Hill 17, Mobile Military Institute 0

Thursday, November 18, for the first time in the football annals of Spring Hill, our Varsity met the Mobile Military Institute on the gridiron and came off victorious. Spring Hill has refused to play M. M. I. in the past on account of the stand taken by the College against preparatory schools.

This year, however, on account of the victory of Marion over Spring Hill and the no-score Marion-M. M. I. game, the College was induced to play M. M. I. It seemed only fair that a team so gritty, should be given a chance against a stronger foe. If ever there were doubts in the minds of the followers of the gridiron as to the superiority of either team, it was swept away in this game. With the precision and nonchalance of a regiment in review, the Collegians downed their rivals. Careful and confident at all stages of the game, they handled their opponents with ease.

In twenty-five and twenty-minute halves, the College made three touchdowns and kicked two goals for a total of 17 points. All the scoring was done in the second half. In the first, the College had the ball within six inches of Mobile's goal with yet another down, when time was called. Pardue was forced to punt three times, and did so for a total of 115 yards. In this half Spring Hill used none of her formation or trick plays except in the last few minutes, when she twice worked the forward pass successfully for a gain of 65 yards just before time was called. The Collegians came on the field in the second half determined, at all hazards, to score. That they could do so became evident as, one after another, the boys pulled off their plays for good gains until, when the last whistle blew,

they had crossed M. M. I.'s goal three times.

Throughout, Spring Hill's backs and ends were fast; they executed the intricate trick plays and end runs of Coach Maxon's invention with the smoothness and perfection of a well adjusted machine. The line worked like Trojans, making openings whenever required, and was invincible as a stone wall to the plunges of the Military boys. M. M. I., on the other hand, played sluggishly at times. During the game they showed brilliant streaks, but poor physical condition held them back.

During the second half, Spring Hill used her formations and trick plays with great success. J. Dolson kicked off at the beginning to Naylor on the fifteen-yard line, who returned it fourteen yards. M. M. I. here made first downs twice, placing the ball on the fifty-yard line. Here Spring Hill held them. Pardue on the College's third down, with six yards yet to go, tried an on-side kick which worked successfully, being recovered by J. Dolson who ran for a touchdown. J. Dolson kicked an easy goal. Cleveland kicked off to Bauer, who ran it up to the fifteen-yard line, where, after a series of brilliant end runs and line plunges, B. Dolson carried it over M. M. I.'s goal line on an end run. J. Dolson missed goal. Cleveland kicked off to Capt. Braud on the five-yard line, who ran it back twenty yards. From here on, Braud and his halfbacks repeatedly



SNAP-SHOTS FROM THE GRIDIRON

1. Forward Pass in Marion game. 2. B. Dolson making touchdown in M. M. I. game. 3. Capt. Braud bucking M. M. I.'s line. 4. Cross buck against Soldiers. 5. Our Coach and Captain.



plunged through M. M. I.'s line, never failing to make a first down till Braud carried the ball over for the third touchdown. J. Dolson kicked goal.

For M. M. I., Cleveland and Barrett played good ball. Barrett outplayed Cleveland. The latter, though putting up a good game, did not play up to his much-heralded reputation.

Captain Braud and the two Dolson brothers were the stars for Spring Hill; Braud doing the bucking, while the Dolsons shone in brilliant end runs. B. Dolson made his touchdown by running sixty-five yards behind the prettiest interference of the season in which Schimpf, Lebeau, Ducote, Bauer and Braud figured. Bauer played a splendid game at half. "Big Ed" Lebeau was again the strong man in the line, distinguishing himself in every play. Pardue showed good generalship, and ran his team in fine style. McHardy, a new man, played like a veteran, showing some pretty open field running.

Line-up:

Spring Hill	Mobile Military Ins.
Black.....	C..... Marshall
Lebeau	R. G..... Louselle
Frederic	L. G..... Inge
Schimpf	L. T..... Barrett
Ducote	R. T..... Cleveland
B. Dolson	R. E..... McLeod
McHardy	L. E..... Hieronymus
Pardue	Q..... Overton (Capt.)
Bauer	L. H..... R. Marshall
J. Dolson	R. H..... King
Braud (Capt.)	F. B..... Naylor

Summary: Touchdowns—J. Dolson, Braud. Goals from touchdowns

—J. Dolson (2). Referee—Mr. Barney (Va.). Umpire—Mr. Burkes (Ala.). Head Linesman—Dr. Dreaper (U. of P.). Time of halves—twenty-five and twenty minutes.

Spring Hill 49, South Miss. 0

On Saturday, November 20th, South Mississippi College of Hattiesburg again invaded Spring Hill's football territory. With only a day's rest after the M. M. I. game, the Varsity trotted on the field with every man in his place. The weather was ideal for football and a fair Saturday afternoon crowd was on the side lines.

The game started off fast and promised to be interesting. However, it turned out before long to be somewhat farcical. For the most part Spring Hill had possession of the ball in Mississippi's territory. Working their trick plays with success, plunging the line with ease, and throwing their forward-passes for gains which netted a total of 245 yards, the Purple and White ran at will through old "Mississippi." Only once was Spring Hill compelled to punt. It was in the first half, after two unsuccessful attempts at the forward-pass had been made that Pardue booted the ball 45 yards.

A few pounds lighter, and relying on the old style football, Mississippi never made a first down. Gritty and working hard up to the last minute

of play, they won the unstinted applause of the spectators. The game was so one-sided that no one player can be said to have starred.

Line up:

Spring Hill	South Mississippi
Black.....	C.....Vanze
Lebeau.....	R. G.....Howe
Frederic, Munoz.....	L. G.....Meeks
Schimpf.....	L. T.....A. Howe
Ducote.....	R. T.....Williams
B. Dolson.....	R. E.....Fall
McHardy, Mistic.....	L. E.....Martinolich
Pardue.....	Q.....Miller
Bauer.....	L. H.....Humane
J. Dolson.....	R. H.....Sumerall (Capt.)
Braud (Capt.).....	F. B.....Sumerall

Referee—Mr. Barney. Umpire—Mr. Cole. Field Judge—Mr. Madler. Head-linesman—Mr. Nelson. Time-keeper—Mr. McCreary. Touchdowns—Braud (2), J. Dolson (1), B. Dolson (2), Ducote (1), Bauer (1), Kevlin (1), Mistic (1). Goals, J. Dolson (1), Pardue (1). Time of halves, 25 minutes.

Spring Hill 20, Fort Morgan 0

Our annual Thanksgiving Day game with the Fort proved to be one of the best on our campus this year. The Soldiers, our most feared rivals, went down in defeat to the tune of 20 to 0; thus the Varsity brought to a close with a splendid victory a most successful season. Uncle Sam's boys, averaging about 160 pounds to the man, were considered sure winners against the light Collegians. But the new style of play enabled the College's wily ends and backs to run at

will around the artillery men. Maxon's now famous defense was a puzzle to the charges of the Fort. With guards drawn out to the position of the tackles, the tackles and halves behind the guards ready to hurl them into the opposing forwards, the line left open from tackle to tackle with the exception of the center, it seemed an easy thing for the soldiers to gain through the line. But with the snap of the ball the guards, as if shot from a catapult, would go plunging against the attack and tear the soldiers' line to pieces. The biggest crowd of the season was out to witness the game. The side lines were jammed from goal to goal. Among the rooters for Spring Hill were many of the old boys who had come back for the gala day. Conspicuous among them for his lusty cheering, was "Crack" Brown, B. S. '09, of baseball fame.

The game throughout was well played and fast. Working their forward-passes with success, and gaining on end runs, Spring Hill took the game well in tow at the very beginning. From tackle to tackle, they played with a determination and grit which would make any admirer of the game glow with enthusiasm. Lebeau, as in other games, was the mainstay of the line. Weighing 175 pounds, he exerted all his energy to bring victory to the Purple and White. Frederic and Black, although much lighter than Lebeau, were gritty and game throughout and handled their oppo-

nents with equal ability. Ducote and Schimpf also played magnificent tackles, stopping the heavy plunges of the Army. The game in detail:

First half: Capt. Braud wins the toss and chooses the north goal. O'Connell kicks to J. Dolson on the five-yard line who brings it back to the twenty-yard line. Here, after three minutes of play in which Spring Hill makes first down three times, B. Dolson, on an end-around-end play, runs 25 yards for a touchdown. J. Dolson, on punt-out for placement, fails. J. Dolson kicks to Guyker on the 35-yard line, who returns it 12 yards. Failing to make their downs, O'Connell punts for 25 yards to Pardue. On forward pass to Schimpf, Spring Hill puts the ball in striking distance of the Soldiers' goal. After two unsuccessful attempts to gain, Pardue drop-kicks a goal from the 25-yard line. J. Dolson kicks to O'Neil, who is downed in his tracks. The first half ends with the ball in the Soldiers' territory. The score, 8 to 0.

Second half: Mistic is substituted for McHardy and plays a fine defensive game. J. Dolson kicks a low one for twelve yards which is recovered by B. Dolson. After several plays in which the College has worked the ball nearer and nearer to the Army's goal,

J. Dolson fumbles on a trick-forward-pass which was recovered by Davis. Here the Soldiers start in a procession down the field, seemingly for a touchdown. But the Purple and White, in the shadow of their goal, holds firmly and O'Connell, after two futile attempts on the part of the Soldiers to carry the ball, tries a drop-kick that goes wide. Spring Hill puts the ball in play on the twenty-five-yard line. On the first down J. Dolson rips off five yards around end. On the next play B. Dolson catches a forward pass and runs 85 yards for a touchdown, showing splendid form in broken field running. J. Dolson kicks goal. Score, 14 to 0.

J. Dolson kicks to O'Connell on the five-yard line, who runs back five and is downed with a beautiful tackle by Mistic. The Soldiers succeed in making their downs several times. In the middle of the field Spring Hill's line holds and the ball goes over. On a forward pass, J. Dolson runs 45 yards for a touchdown. J. Dolson kicks goal, and the game is over. Score, 20 to 0.

The Spring Hill back-field showed the qualities of play which have characterized their game this season, namely alertness and aggressiveness.

For the Soldiers, O'Donnell, O'Neill, Christensen and Sharp were the stars. Several times O'Donnell and O'Neill

ploughed through the College line for good gains.

The line up:

Spring Hill	Fort Morgan
Black.....C.....	Whitney
Lebeau.....R. G.....	Guyker
Ducote.....R. T.....	Hogan
McHardy, Mistic.....R. E.....	Kolerson
Frederic.....L. G.....	Wyate
Schimpf.....L. T.....	Sharp (Capt.)
B. Dolson.....L. E.....	Davis
Pardue.....Q.....	Christensen
J. Dolson.....R.H.....	O'Connell
Bauer.....L. H.....	O'Neil
Braud (Capt.).....F. B.....	O'Donnell

Summary: Umpire—Dr. Madler.
Referee—Mr. Barney. Field Judge—
Dr. Rush. Time Keeper—Mr. Mc-
Creary. Head linesman—Robertston.
Touchdowns—J. Dolson (2), B. Dol-
son (1). Goals from touchdowns—J.
Dolson (2). Drop kick—Pardue.
Time of halves—twenty and fifteen
minutes.

Basket Ball.

At last it seems as if basket ball will get a new foothold in Spring Hill. Neglected for the past two years, it has again sprung into popular favor. Forty-seven candidates are out for positions. Six teams have been organized, and from them will be picked the Varsity quintette. The management hopes to arrange games with the best of the neighboring teams, and some lively contests are promised on the local court.

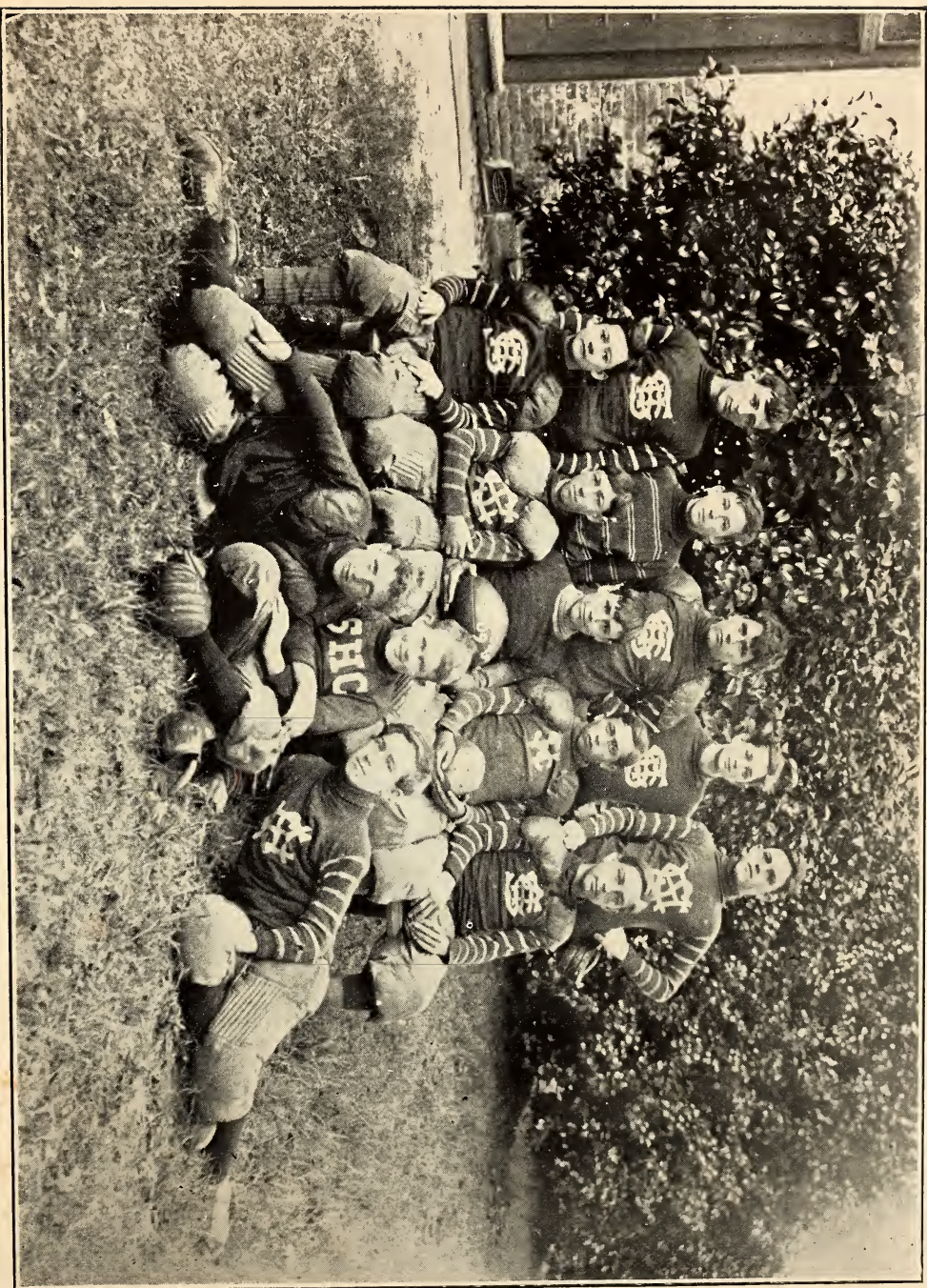
Junior Athletics

J. P. Newsham, '12

Baseball Almost immediately upon the return of the student body from vacation the leagues were organized. Notwithstanding the fact that several of the best players deserted their colors by going over to the Senior Division, it would have been hard to find a better team than those of the First League. A series of games was arranged, the result of which was to decide the "orange" question; however, on account of frequent discussions between the captains and members as to the equality of the sides, and an early leaning towards the gridiron game, only two weeks were devoted to the national sport. This short period afforded time for several good games, and for a few players to show exceptional ability. LeBaron, Braud and Cummings deserve praise for their good all-around work, as do the others in a lesser degree. The line up was as follows:

Reds	Blues
McIntyre (Capt.).....P.....	Trolio
Cummings.....C.....	Orsi
Braud.....1 B.....	Holland
Needham.....2 B.....	Harkan
Butts.....3. B.....	Webre
LeBaron.....S. S.....	Kelly (Capt.)
Herbert.....C. F.....	M. Wohner
Hale.....L. F.....	Potter
Dowe.....R. F.....	Touart

G. L. Mayer, Scorer.



SECOND DIVISION FOOTBALL SQUAD



**Second
League**

A second league was organized under Barker and Chappuis, but the best players were drafted to the First League; which fact weakened the teams considerably, and as a consequence, diminished the glow of enthusiasm which had characterized it from the start.

Football

The members of the Junior Varsity, as well as their coach, deserve praise for their untiring efforts, crowned towards the end of the season with success. In several games against the Big Yard, they displayed a great amount of grit and ended their season with a glorious victory over their heavier opponents by a score of 16-5. On Thursday, Nov. 11th, a very interesting game of foot-

ball was played between the Junior Varsity of S. H. C. and Mobile Military Institute. The teams were evenly matched, though the Taylor boys were somewhat heavier, and a fierce gridiron battle was fought throughout. The features of the game were Roca's brilliant end run for a touchdown, the line-bucking of Needham, Broussard's sensational tackle, back of M. M. I.'s line, preventing the completion of a forward pass, and M. M. I.'s good work during the second half. At the end of the first half the score was 11 to 0 against them, but by consistent tackle over tackle bucks, in the latter part of the game, they tied the score. Spring Hill played a brilliant game in every particular, but on account of lack of weight, were unable to gain consistently enough to score again during the second half.



Societies

P. M. Walsh, '10

Academy The Academy opened up this session with bright prospects for the year before it. Ten of last year's members were present at the first meeting, and decided that the number of members should be limited to twenty. They were of the unanimous opinion that, by lessening the number of members, the standard of literary work could be better preserved and more fruitful results, obtained. Many of the meetings have been devoted to the hearing of excellent essays and well rendered declamations of those striving to gain a place among the "fortunate twenty." On account of the postponement of several of the meetings, no debates have yet taken place, but many subjects for discussion have been proposed which will be taken up after the holidays. Fr. Fazakerly has succeeded Fr. Guyol as director, and the following staff of officers was elected: W. K. Nicrosi, Pres.; J. T. Becker, Sec.; J. E. O'Flynn, Censor.

Library The cosiest little room in the College is undoubtedly our library with its equipment of new book cases, and current magazines.

The officers showed their lively interest for the members' welfare when they provided that new stove, which affords warmth and comfort to those who, to avoid the cold blasts and to enjoy a quiet read, spend much of their time in the library. In the large rocking chairs, drawn around the fire, can always be seen busy readers, thus putting to profit their leisure hours. We cannot but praise the care and interest which has been shown by the officers in charge. They are—J. Duggan, Pres.; S. Braud, V.-Pres.; J. T. Becker, Censor; H. M. Costello, Librarian.

Gymnasium The Senior gymnasium of Spring Hill College is one of the best equipped gymnasiums in the South. Our perfect has done much to encourage the class work now carried on under the capable direction of Prof. Tinsman of the Mobile Y. M. C. A. Although he has only been with us for a short time, he has already become very popular among the students, by his interested and untiring efforts in their behalf.

The officers who are exerting every effort in the interest of gymnasium work are—P. Turregano, Pres.; E.

Kevlin, V.-Pres., W. Walsh, Sec. and Treas.

Pool Room

The billiard room is as usual the spot most frequented by the senior division, now the football is at an end. Equipped with fine tables, both billiard and pool, it affords excellent opportunities for spending agreeably the long, idle hours. The club has been placed under excellent management.

The officers, J. L. Lavretta, Pres.; and J. T. Becker and S. Pardue, his able assistants, have done much towards preserving that order and regularity which gives each member equal opportunity to display his ability in handling a cue.

Inner Notes

H. W. Kelly, '11

Sodality

The sodality, under the new Director, Fr. McDonnell, who has replaced Fr. Guyol, our Reverend Director of some years past. The latter has been called to the College of the Immaculate Conception in New Orleans, whither our good wishes accompany him. Fr. McDonnell shows, by the excellent instructions he has given, that he is a worthy successor of so capable a director as Fr. Guyol.

Following an election in the early part of September, these officers were placed in charge: P. Braud, Prefect; W. Walsh, 2nd Asst.; C. Frederic, 1st Asst.; W. Nicrosi, Sec.

Band

The band, under the able directions of Mr. Higgins and Professor Staub, has on several occa-

sions rendered, with merited success, difficult selections. The boys gave a delightful entertainment to Bishop Allen of Mobile during his visit to the College. Moreover, the various monthly exhibitions have been made doubly enjoyable by the exquisite rendition of classical music. We hope to be treated to many more concerts during the year.

The officers elected are: J. L. Lavretta, Pres.; B. Dolson, Sec. and Treas.; D. Neely, Librarian.

Orchestra

The sweet strains of the College Orchestra has been the source of much pleasure to us at our monthly gatherings. Prof. Staub, with the support of Prof. Sufich, has succeeded in filling up the vacancies, caused by graduation of some of last year's musicians, and has not ceased to maintain the same high standard set by the fine orchestras of previous years.

The boys won much applause by the excellent programme presented at St. Joseph's Hall, Mobile, which they executed with remarkable skill on the occasion of the 'Thespians' play, "What Happened to Jones."

The Choir

Owing to the present inconveniences, caused by the fire, the choir has been unable to show its ability to any great extent. They are, however, consoled by the knowledge that the new chapel will soon be in readiness, where their talent will have full scope. We must

praise the earnest spirit with which they carry on their practices, and we heartily congratulate them on the new Benediction hymns they have introduced this year.

The Sodality On October 10th, 1909, The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin had a reception of new members who had been candidates since the latter part of the previous year, and again on December 8th; some more candidates were admitted, who, since the beginning of the year, had shown themselves worthy of admittance by their piety and devotion at all times. The candidates and members of this Society can be distinguished from the other boys by the little blue badges and medals of the Blessed Virgin which they wear, and which were made especially for them by the Sisters. This choice little band is doing lots of good work, and already the boys of the yard have begun to pluck the fruit from the tree of edification, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. F. Meyer is Prefect, G. Mayer, Asst. Prefect; T. Hale, Secretary; C. Holland, Asst. Secretary; C. Touart, Sacristan, and F. Dowe, Asst. Sacristan.

Junior Band, 1909-1910 The degree of excellence to which the Junior Band has attained during these few past months has astonished both faculty and students. The combined efforts of Mr. Bassich and Professor Suffich, to-

gether with the musical enthusiasm of the members, have certainly produced a happy effect. The deficiency of old members, caused by the transferring of several of last year's men to the Senior Division, has been fully supplied by new members who are equal to their predecessors in skill.

Billiard Room At last the Junior Division has a billiard room. It has been the ardent longing of the Juniors to possess an equipment like the Seniors, and to our great joy and satisfaction (perhaps also to the envy of these latter), the new wing with its commodious apartments has fully satisfied our fondest expectations. "Professor" Hale keeps the members pretty straight and tolerates nothing but the most gentlemanly conduct under all circumstances. Some of the members are becoming "stars" at the game, and handle the cue with a deftness that reminds one of a Sutton or a Demarest. Some one has remarked that this rapid improvement shown by the Junior "cuesters" is evidently due to the expert coaching of Prof. Hale and to the helpful pointers of little Willie Barker.

Academy The Junior Literary Society of 1909, under the guidance and by the earnest efforts of our Rev. Director, President Hale, Secretary Mayer and Censor Touart, has achieved much during these few short months; and so contagious is the enthusiasm spreading amongst the

members, that bright hopes are entertained of making, before the end of the year, great strides towards literary fame. Carefully prepared programmes are arranged and scrupulously carried out at each meeting; a method of proceeding which has added much pleasure and interest to our weekly gatherings. The high quality of the essays and stories read, and declamations delivered, argues well for the future success and prosperity of the Academy. Some of the members have given promise of some day becoming great essayists, while others are already old heads at declaiming. There will be no half-session play on account of the disaster of last year which swept away our exhibition hall, but the members are hoping to be able to give one in town before the year is over, and indeed there is no lack of dramatic talent for it, as our officers can testify.

Library The cosy little library, situated in the basement of the new East Wing, amply compensated for the loss of the one of last year which was destroyed by the fire. It is proof against the northern blast, the pelting south rains and all kinds of inclement weather. Even on warm days when there are lots of games to be played, and there are other forms of amusement in the yard, the literary taste of some of the members draws them into the library, and ofttimes you may see them wrapped up in some thrilling novel, or extracting useful knowledge from some historical work. The rules are strictly carried out and order admirably preserved under F. Meyer as President, C. Touart as Vice-President, H. Lawless as Treasurer, and J. Martel and J. Rives as Librarians.

F. Meyer is President, D. Braud, Secretary, and C. Touart, Treasurer—a trio of musicians such as make the Seniors envious.





P. J. Turregano, '10

*"There's so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it scarcely behooves any of us,
To talk about the rest of us.*

—R. L. Stevenson.

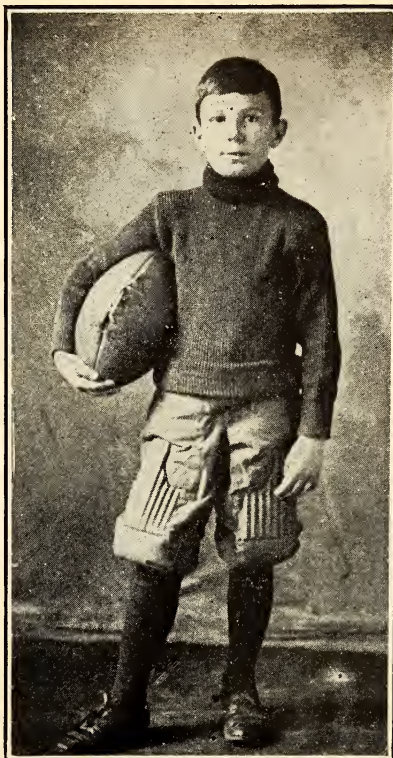
When the burden of Exchange Editor was first placed upon our weak shoulders, we were full of misgivings, realizing as we do, the difficulty of the task imposed. For, optimists though we be, and inclined to praise rather than to censure, we believe it a part of our office to pass impartial judgment on the literary work, as it comes to us in the various college papers which find their way into our Sanctum, even though it should become necessary, at times, to find fault. We sincerely hope that the good feelings existing between our contemporary Exchange Editors and ourselves, will be welded stronger by this mutual intercourse.

The Agnetian Quarterly contains a beautiful panegyric on Joan of Arc, and a few moments spent in its perusal will not be amiss,

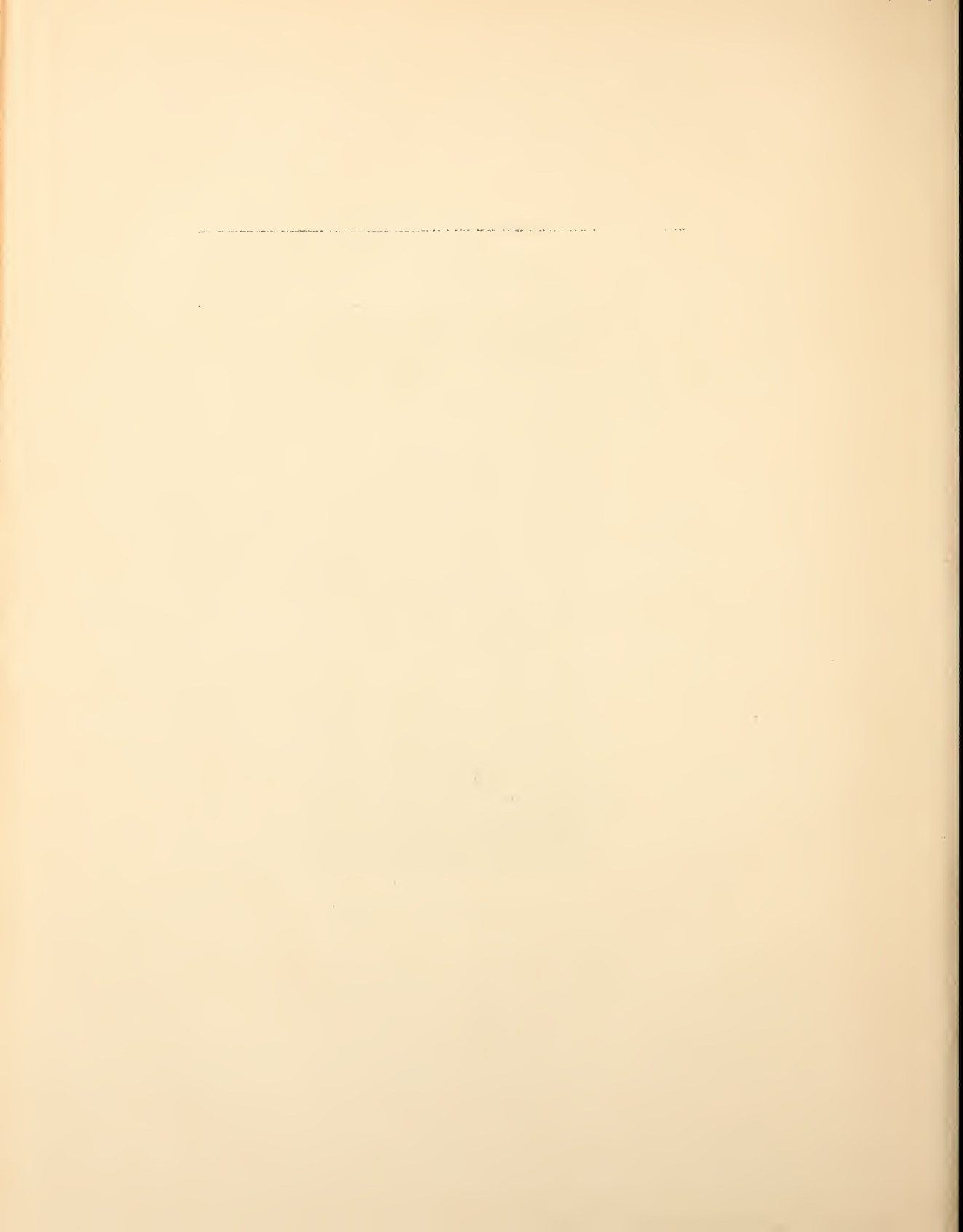
The November Sentinel, from St. Mary's (Ky.) is devoted chiefly to football. Poetry and fiction are wanting in this number, but it is not quantity that counts, but quality. It contains one very good article, viz: "Shall college athletics be encouraged." It is a good step in favor of our American college games.

"God—Our Father," is the title of the opening poem, in the Niagara Index for November. The lines possess a sweet, rythmical melody, and contain many rich gems of thought. The author may well be proud of his verse.

From the orange-scented air of California, comes the Saint Vincent Student of Los Angeles. One of the best articles we read in this very interesting magazine was "The Novel," an interesting theme written in a pleasing, forceful style.



SPRING HILL'S MASCOT



Among the other most welcome visitors to our Sanctum are: Agnetian Monthly; Fleur de Lis; St. Mary's Sentinel; St. Mary's Chimes; The Redwood; Fordham Monthly; The Columbia; Georgetown Journal; Loretto Crescent; St. Ignatius Collegian; Niagara Index; The Mercerian; Mangalore Magazine; St. John's College

Quarterly; Our Alma Mater; Mungret Annual; The Mercury; St. Angela's Echo; The Clongownian; Estudios de Deusto; The Mountaineer; The Record; The Xaverian; The Morning Star; The Academy Review; The Xaverian (Melbourne); The Besie Tift Journal; The Angeline Quarterly; The Alumnus; The Columbia (Fribourg); The Polaris.



Spring Hill College

Mobile, Alabama

SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on rising ground, five miles distant from MOBILE, and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constant refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to the beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a University, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The Directors of the institution are members of the Society of Jesus, which, from its origin has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a parental solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing the strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based on Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but to instil into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

The public worship of the institution is that of the Catholic Religion, however, pupils of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

The plan of studies is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the name of PREPARATORY, ENGLISH and CLASSICAL.

French, German, Spanish, Italian, form separate courses are optional, and are taught without extra charge.

Extensive grounds, spacious buildings, commodious class rooms, library, reading rooms, billiard and recreation rooms, and the largest and best equipped college gymnasium in the South, afford every facility for the self-improvement and physical well-being of the student.

For Catalogue, etc., apply to REV. F. X. TWELLMAYER, S. J., President.





2



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3

NEW CHAPEL

Photos by J. Duggan and R. Harrigan

1. View from the Park; 2. Breaking the Ground; 3. Interior view

A. M. D. G.

The
Springhillian

Spring Hill College

Mobile, Alabama



The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past.



Commercial Printing Company
Mobile, Ala.

Contents

	Page
WELCOME, O SPRING (Acrostic).....	<i>Humbert M. Diaz, '12</i> 3
ON THE EVE OF EXAM.....	<i>E. J. Lebeau, '10</i> 4
CHRIST'S RIDE TO JERUSALEM (Poem).....	<i>A. C. M.</i> 10
LEADING CHARACTERS—SCOTT'S LADY OF THE LAKE.....	<i>F. Prohaska, '13</i> 13
THE SUNNY SOUTH (Poem).....	<i>E. J. Lebeau, '10</i> 19
THE IVORY IDOL.....	<i>H. M. Diaz, '12</i> 20
ETCHINGS.....	27
THE SILVER STAR.....	<i>J. P. Newsham, '12</i> 27
A NIGHT IN CAMP.....	<i>C. L. Paty, '12</i> 28
A VILLAGE SCENE.....	<i>F. L. Prohaska, '13</i> 28
THE SKULL.....	<i>H. J. Prevost, '12</i> 29
THE OPEN WINDOW.....	<i>H. S. Patterson, '12</i> 30
WHAT DIXIE USED TO BE (Poem).....	<i>J. C. Monaghan, '31</i>
THE VENGEANCE OF DAWSON.....	<i>Caron A. Ball, '10</i> 32
IN MEMORIAM (Poem).....	<i>J. M. W., '03</i> 40
EDITORIALS.....	41
ALUMNI.....	43
COLLEGE NOTES.....	45
EXHIBITIONS.....	47
SPRINGS.....	49
ATHLETICS.....	50
EXCHANGES.....	55

The Springhillian

OLD SERIES—VOL. XIII., No. 2

APRIL, 1910

NEW SERIES—VOL. I., NO. 2

Welcome, O Spring!

(ACROSTIC)

Welcome to thee, O Spring,
Elf from the Summer King!
Long have we waited, sad yearning for thee,
Coming from Summer's home
Out in the fields you roam
Making all flowers gay
Each with thy magic spray.
Oh, how we waited, long wishing for thee!
Sounding the Summer's call
Piping the Winter's fall
Rollicking, frolicking under the trees,
Into the world you bring
Naught but thy joys, O Spring!
Greetings! O Queen of the dallying breeze.

Humbert M. Diaz, '12

On the Eve of Exam.

I was seated before a table in my room, my collar on the floor at my feet, my hat on one of the bed-posts, and across the back of a near-by chair hung the coat I had just taken off. In my lap lay a copy of *Sporting Life*, and on the table, opened of course, was Shepard's *Higher Chemistry*. It was ten-thirty, and from my personal appearance, as well as from the condition of my table, it was not hard to see that I was in anything but a pleasant mood. Things had gone against me to-night. I had given up a good play in order to pay my respects to a young lady friend who was visiting in the city, but, on arriving at the house, I was informed by the maid that she was not at home.

To make matters worse I had to stand a Chemistry examination next morning, and I was sure that, although I should study all night, it would be impossible for me to pass. I tried to concentrate my thoughts on Chemistry, but it was no use. I took up *Sporting Life*, but could not get interested in it, which was something unusual for me. I now glanced around the room in hopes of finding something to while away the minutes until my companions' return from the theatre.

By chance my eyes wandered first to the mantel piece, and there I be-

held, sitting in all his majesty, grinning from ear to ear, the very picture of merriment, Billiken, the God of Fun. I had bought the statue that afternoon in a curio shop down town.

Now there was no reason in the world for me to lose my temper, but nevertheless I did. To think that an image could afford to laugh at my discomfort! Why, I wouldn't even let a human being do that, much less a piece of clay. Grabbing my Chemistry I arose and was on the point of teaching him a lesson; never to laugh at another's misfortune, when I stopped and lowered my arm.

What was it I saw? The book dropped from my hand and I sank back into my chair. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The same sight. The cold sweat stood out in large beads on my forehead. I tried to shift my gaze in hopes that when I looked again I would see the vision no more. It was in vain. I clutched the sides of my chair and stared straight at the object. There in the very spot where the statue had been, stood a visitor, a hideous person from some other world.

Words cannot express my terror, nor describe that fearful force. It was an awful sight, enough to raise the hair on the bravest head. The eyes gleamed like balls of fiery coal,

and from the mouth and nose issued a bluish flame. The head showed no hair, but from his forehead two pointed horns shot upwards. The imp's whole body was for the most part red. In his right hand he carried a pitchfork, and at his side hung a bunch of keys, which I afterwards learned unlocked the different apartments of Hades. His toes were long and curved upwards at the ends. In all he was a horrible sight from head to foot.

How long I sat thus paralyzed I know not, but I was soon brought to my senses by seeing Sir Knight of the Fork jump from the mantel and without the least sound alight on the floor. I tried to rise, but found I had lost all powers of moving; I tried to pray, but words refused to come. My God! thought I, this must be my last hour on earth, and this person has come to claim me. What had I done to belong to him? I tried to think, but failed. He came towards me, and seated himself upon the edge of the table. I expected to see the wood flame up at any moment, but, strange to say, it did not. He began to speak, and the voice seemed miles away.

"My friend," quoth he, "having heard of your disappointment this evening from one of my companions, I have come to offer you a little amusement. It is very seldom that the privilege which I am extending to you, of visiting the Elysian Fields, is granted

to any one. In fact, no one since the time of Aeneas has ever returned to earth after visiting that blissful region. No doubt you have heard of that famous warrior while studying Virgil?"

The Elysian Fields—Virgil—Aeneas—what was he talking about? Oh yes, I remember. When in college some years before I had studied about the descent of Aeneas into hell. But it was so long ago that I had almost forgotten, and, besides, the Roman Epic was only a story. I thought I must be dreaming and rubbed my eyes to see if my weird visitor would not vanish. But no, there he was still on the table before me. He was speaking again.

"Friend, will you come?"

By this time my surprise and terror had grown somewhat less, so summoning all the courage I could muster, I addressed him:

"I would like to know who you are and why you come here to disturb me. I am perfectly content to be alone."

Instead of becoming angry as I half expected he would, he simply chuckled and answered:

"My appearance tells you who I am, and I think I have already stated my business. If you wish to follow me, hurry and decide. Time flies. Remember this offer will not be made again."

I began to consider the matter. So far he had done nothing terrible. True his appearance was horrifying.

Perhaps all fiends were not without some good feeling towards man. This one seemed to be friendly. Why not follow him for the fun of it? I could always stop and return if I wished. So I gave my consent and arose.

He went to the door, down the stairs, through the hall, and out into the street. The night air was chilly and, having forgotten my coat, I began to feel the cold. I asked permission to return for my coat, but my friend said that time was precious; besides, I wouldn't need it once we got to Hades. We went down the street to the corner and there I saw standing at the curb the queerest looking two-seated red automobile I had ever had the pleasure of laying my eyes upon, and I had seen a good many in my time.

It's no use trying to describe it. Upon inquiring as to its make, I was told that this was the style used in Hades, and even there very few of them are found.

"This one," he said, "belonged to Queen Elizabeth." He had only borrowed it for the evening.

So they had automobiles in Hades! That was something new for me. But perhaps these folks were as well advanced in civilization as we were. And why shouldn't they be, since so many go there from earth every day.

We were soon on our way, speeding through familiar streets, shooting

around corners, from which I expected every moment to see a policeman run forward and command us to stop for breaking the speed limit, but no one bothered us. After a time we reached the open country where my companion increased the speed of the car to such an extent that we only hit the high places and then not very many of them. I reached for his arm to ask him to slow down a little, as I was afraid for my good health, but instead of my grabbing something solid, my fingers passed right through him. Mine host only laughed, and informed me that spirits did not have corporeal bodies like ours and therefore could not be felt.

We soon came to a thick wood where, slowing down the car, much to my satisfaction, this up-to-date Charon entered on a side path and came to a halt before a large mound of earth. He alighted and going forward struck the mound thrice with his fork.

Now there was nothing in the general appearance of the mound to attract attention. I would have passed it a hundred times without even taking special notice of it. But as I looked, the whole side disappeared, leaving a large opening from which issued many peculiar noises. My friend returned to the car, mounted and drove into the opening before us. When we had entered, the earthen wall returned to its place and rounded out the mound once more.

At first I was unable to see a thing, but was conscious from the motion of the car that we were going down hill at terrific speed. I closed my eyes, half expecting to be dashed to atoms, half suspecting that I was only dreaming and that I would wake up to find myself back in my room. After about ten minutes—the longest I have ever spent on this earth—my companion bade me open my eyes as we had reached our destination.

I immediately did so, and found we were running on a level road, through a field of green grass. In the distance a river could be seen winding its way peacefully along, its surface as smooth as glass. This, I was told, was the Styx, the largest river in Hades. On the field, as far as the eye could see, were shadowy beings, dressed in many different costumes, which I at once recognized as the dress of the ancients. Many were the personages pointed out to me by my friend. There in the distance stood Hercules with a tree as a club, which he was continually swinging over his head, much to the dismay of the near-by shades. There by the bank of the river were the giants, Panderus and Bitias, amusing themselves by tossing to one another any of the unlucky spirits who happened to come within reach of their long arms. There, too, seated on the grass, were Brutus and Cassius, quarreling as of yore, and not far distant

sat the great Pompey, eyeing them suspiciously.

Shifting my gaze, I was startled and filled with fright to see coming along the road some ten people. They seemed to be unconscious of our presence, and I saw there was no possible chance to avoid running them down, as they were only a few yards away. I turned my head from the sight, as I always had a dread of seeing a person killed, and waited for the shock that never came. You may realize how startled I was when, looking back, I saw the same persons walking along as if nothing had happened. I then remembered my first experience, and decided that these were nothing but spirits, and that we had passed through the group, harming no one.

Before long we came to a high fence which my companion informed me separated the ancient from the modern spirits. If they were allowed to mix, the older race would always be fighting. However, he said, some of the great persons in each division were allowed to visit one another on certain occasions.

The gate was opened for us by another fiend who in appearance resembled my companion. Compared to the bustling place we now entered, the one just left was quite restful. In this new apartment of Hades, everything and everyone seemed in a great hurry. The road we now traveled resembled Broadway on a Saturday

night. One of the first sights that met my gaze was a card game. Around a table sat Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, Washington, Queen Ann and Julius Caesar, playing a friendly game of bridge. The scowl on Caesar's face told plainly that he was not the master of this, as, in Gaul, he had been of another bridge. But we must excuse him, for how could he, a poor, ignorant, ancient, expect to beat such "sharks" as Napoleon and Washington, to say nothing of the cunning Queen Bess. Still touring the highway, we left them far behind.

Glancing upwards I saw many airships floating about. In one of them I spied Nero taking lessons in aerial navigation. He seemed to have a hard time of it, as his portly stomach was invariably in the way when he reached for the lever. He was soon enveloped in a mountain of snow-white clouds and lost to our view.

Tired of watching the many airships, I lowered my head and, scanning the grassy bank just beside the road, I spied the great Cicero, shooting dice with Henry the Eighth. Old Cicero seemed to have the best of the argument, for his pile of coin was considerably larger.

The numerous sights I had seen thus far, were surprising enough, to say the least; but they were nothing compared to what I now beheld. Coming along the road towards us was a sled, drawn by some ten pairs

of huge dogs. The driver, wrapped in furs from head to foot, was urging his dogs onward, but, though they were making excellent time when we met them, nevertheless, I succeeded in getting a good view of the face of the driver. I thought it looked familiar, and my judgment was verified a moment after by my companion. He informed me that the occupant of the sled was none other than the famous Dr. Cook, who had caused such worldwide excitement by his announcement of having reached the North Pole. So this was where our great discoverer had gone to. No wonder he couldn't be located on earth, although a most extensive search had been made, I mentally contemplated the excitement I would cause when I would return to the upper world and tell of having seen the great explorer in the Elysian Fields. Wouldn't I make a hit though! A real newspaper sensation!

The car still sped on over the even road. Before long another wall confronted us, made of brick and much higher than the first one we had passed. Here we had some trouble with the guard at the gate before we were allowed to enter. This place I was told was the real pit of everlasting fire and torture, from which there was no escape. I began to have fears of never returning myself, but my companion assured me that as long as I was with him there was no danger.

As the gate opened I was greeted

by loud wailings and heart-rending cries from within. Passing under the archway I noticed a sudden change in the atmospheric conditions. A hot, stifling wind took the place of the cool, refreshing breeze; dark, inky-colored clouds rolled across the heavens; above the awful shrieks of the lost souls could be heard a rumbling sound as of distant thunder. Truly this was the most terrible of the three places we had visited.

The road we now took was anything but smooth. Huge rocks and deep holes were everywhere. My companion explained that as this road was not intended for joy rides, they, the demons, had not thought it worth having it paved.

On my left were many little devils stacking bricks in the shape of squares. They were everywhere. Some had just started the their squares; others were almost through; all were grinning from ear to ear, and shrieking most hideously. I was told that these brick piles belong to the people of the earth. Each person as soon as he sins is assigned a spot in this region for his pile, and a devil is appointed to care for it. For every sin committed a new brick is added to his square, and when the pile is finished he is cast into everlasting fire. If, however, he happens to die before his pile is completed he is saved, and is given a place in the second region of the Elysian Fields. Above each square is the name

of its owner. I recognized many.

Among them, to my dismay, I saw my pile almost completed. I swore then and there never more to sin, but, as soon as I should return to earth, to retire to some ancient monastery and there live out my life in solitude and prayer. I shuddered to think how near I had been to destruction.

On the other side a new scene presented itself. There in a gulf of fire struggled hundreds upon hundreds of poor unfortunates. They cried out to us for help. It was an awful sight. Darting hither and thither were jailers, all with pitchforks, now prodding one victim, now another.

I was so engrossed in this horrible sight that I was unaware that something was wrong with the car, until we were on the very edge of the crater. I then attempted to jump, but it was too late. Down, down, we went into the fiery sea. As I reached the fire I had a chilly sensation of something cold running down my back. Squirming in an attempt to escape this new torture I must have tumbled from my chair. Looking around I saw nothing of the lake, car or chauffeur.

On the mantel piece, Billiken still grinned, while my roommate stood above me with a glass of ice water. "Asleep, Pal," he said laughing.

"Asleep!" I answered, and fervently added, "Thank God, John, it wasn't real!"

E. J. Lebeau, '10

Christ's Ride to Jerusalem

"Hosannah to the Son of David!
David's Son and Judah's King!
Let His path with palm be paved
And the loud hosannahs ring!
Ring the song from hill to dell!
He comes, the King of Israel!"

But ah, behold Him meek and lowly,
While they chant the joyous psalm,
Mild and holy, riding slowly,
'Mid the waving of the palm,
In His Majesty as tender
As the modest morning splendor
On the brook-break o'er the rocklets on the hill.
His countenance with more than earthly calm
Illumined every rock and mountain rill,
And penetrated every mind and will
With radiance of joy that gently stole
To every inlet of the swelling soul
And bade each rising power within be still.

For as the sun, when all the air
Is blackened with a sudden night,
Breaks, like a vision through despair,
With all the fullness of his light;

Or as he sinks again in power,
Enthroned upon the western shore,
Where all the clouds that slumbering lower,
Awaken in surprise
With sudden sunlit eyes,
And gleaming where the streaming sunbeams pour,
Combine to light the crown of glory more;

Or as in mellow sky untold,
The moon, with bright and radiant glance,

And eye that flashes sword of gold,
Strikes darkness from her countenance;

Or as in the spring-time,
The bird-on-the-wing time,
The mocking-bird lone
On his high oaken throne,
His lute and his flute and all instruments seizes,
And pours them all blended abroad on the breezes,
Then cries as he wings away,
Sighs as he sings away,
Trying to fling away
Poem and rhythm
That take the heart with 'em,
Until he at length
With his spirit and strength
Has deluged the woodland with musical flood,
Meanwhile not seeming
For all to be dreaming
That hard by, the vulture is seeking his blood:

Thus, as He rode along,
Amid the festive song,
From out the Saviour's face,
There poured the light and grace,
The light that led the mind,
The grace that lured mankind.
Calmer than sun-rays with the cloudlet blending,
Lighter than moonbeams on the flower descending,
Softer than dew the evening boughs distil,
Than Luna self'd in mellow moonlit rill,
The kindly radiance stole
Into each mind and soul,
And bade each bosom long
For that immortal song
Which angels round Him, in His realm unseen,
Adoring, trembling, gazing on His mien,
Enchant with more than thrush or mocker's trill.

But why are the Pharisees tracking His path?
 Why are the Sadducees up in their wrath?
 Why do earth's kingdoms roll and reel?
 Why do they tremble? Why do they feel
 The gentle tread of that gentle heel,
 And sound the note of dire alarm
 'Gainst Him who ne'er the bruised reed would harm?
 Behold, He pauses on the Olive Mount;
 A tear is in His eye of love and dole,
 And breaking from the everlasting fount
 Gives outlet to the torrent of His soul:

"Jerusalem! my world, my joy, my crown,
 Have I not loved thee as did no other?
 My own! why wilt thou hound thy Saviour down?
 Why strikest at the bosom of thy mother?
 Ah! woe to thee! how have I sighed for thee!
 But now, there's ruin, anguish, desolation,
 O'er all thy homes, when I have died for thee,
 My own—ungrateful—traitorous—doomed nation!"

Yet, gentle Saviour! wipe away the tear!
 Kind lover of our souls dispel all fear!
 The tempered steel of the nail and spear
 They prepare for Thee
 Will be the sword o'er land and meer
 We'll bear for Thee,
 In the strife for death
 To our latest breath
 We'll dare for Thee!

A. C. M.

Leading Characters Scott's "Lady of the Lake"

To appreciate the setting of the story which Scott so beautifully tells in the "Lady of the Lake," we must understand the feud that existed between King James, the hero of the tale, and the border knights who roamed defiantly through the hills of the Scotch boundary. James was the son of Queen Margaret of England and was also connected with the house of Douglas. This connection came about through the marriage of his mother to the Earl of Angus, whom she afterwards divorced. Angus rose, therefore, to the supreme authority in Scotland and obtained possession of the person of the king, James V., transacted everything in the name of James and became in all respects the regent of Scotland. At length James was freed from the control of the Douglas family and took the reins of government in his own hands.

Such was the political situation when James V., in pursuit of a stag over the hills of Perthshire, was lost at the close of day among his enemies. It will be the purpose of our humble efforts to depict the leading actors in this drama, not as they are found in the pages of history, but in the vivid, inspiring light which Scott's magic pen has thrown around them.

Our interest throughout the work is centered on the character of Fitz-James, the strayed hunter who is no other than James V. of Scotland. By rank highly educated and accomplished, Fitz-James, as we learn in the opening scenes of the poem, is in the prime of life, handsome and robust.

"Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.
On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage."

This is the poet's beautiful expression of his ideal, for he intends, as is evident in the descriptions, to make Fitz-James the ideal of manhood. Strongly built—a muscular and well-knit athlete—Fitz-James has that resolute bearing which we are wont to associate with our ideal of manliness.

"His limbs were cast in manly mold
For hardy sports or contest bold."

And though in his fateful hunt he is garbed in his simple hunting suit, even in such a guise he would grace the throne room.

It is hardly to be expected that a king so powerful and war-like should be at the same time a poet and a musician. Yet such is the case. For our hero, like his ancestor, James I.,

manifests this spirit in his love for the minstrels and bards of that day.

His conduct throughout the narrative shows him to be fond of the hunt and other sports, and greatly to resemble his father in his love for military exercises. That quality of his character which perhaps, appeals most to us of the Southland is his gentlemanliness and chivalry. This trait of a refined nature is brought into happy relief when Fitz-James meets Ellen on the shores of Loch Katrine.

"His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy."

When told by Ellen that his arrival is expected and that a place is prepared for him at their home, he modestly declines.

"Your courtesy has erred;
No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest."

In the distressed condition in which he finds himself, this polite refusal shows his magnanimity, for, though he is a king in the hands of his subjects, he lets them believe that he is a wanderer from the hills. Again he shows his gallantry when at her invitation he has stepped into the little skiff to cross the lake.

"I'll lightly front each high emprise
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me first the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."

When Ellen invites him to enter the

lodge on the island, he delicately makes her his protector:

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee!"

Horsemanship has always been a characteristic accomplishment of the Highland gentry. That Fitz-James excels in this is made clear in the vivid words of our author:

"Stand, Bayard, stand!" the steed obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear."

Excellent horseman that he was, Fitz-James did not mount by the stirrup nor did he grasp the saddle, but, wreathing his left hand in the mane, he lightly bounded off the ground and spurred the horse. The fiery steed sprang and plunged, but the rider sat erect and cool.

"Then like a bolt from steel cross-bow
Forth launched, across the plain they go."

In spite of the corruptions of court life, he, true to his manhood, still retains that simple love of truth and the rashness of boyhood.

In his intercourse with equals or inferiors and even enemies, he is always courteous. In the scene where, before the combat, Roderick sharply taunts him thus:

"By Heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."

we have a picture of him, great in his self control and well-contained power. With a calmness born of a bold and fearless spirit, he turns to Sir Roderick and says mildly:

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword."

That he was keen to appreciate a favor done to him, and that his gratitude was of a fruitful kind which begets generous acts, are strikingly impressed on the mind by the words and actions of Fitz-James when he realizes the power his opponent might turn to his aid, but finds him too generous a foe to take undue advantage. The trying predicament in which the king finds himself is picturesquely told by Scott in these beautiful lines:

"Roderick whistled shrill;
And he was answered from the hill.
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

But when Roderick Dhu refuses to avail himself of this assistance,

"Nor would I call a clansman's brand,
For aid against one valiant hand."

he won the gratitude and admiration, if not the love, of the king. To such a degree was Fitz-James moved that he pleaded with Roderick to seek other means of settling their feud than a duel:

"Can naught but blood our feud atone?"

That it is to manifest his gratitude and not from any craven fear that he thus seeks to avoid the combat, is clear from his words:

"Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved."

Fitz-James was grateful because, perhaps, he loved to see in an opponent such a spirit of fair play. He was not, however, dismayed at the threats of Roderick, owing to the confidence he felt in his own power, for he might have summoned his own soldiers:

"Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast;"

But he was not to be outdone in fairness:

"But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

The bravery, the chivalry and courtousness of James, his greatness of heart and his uprightness of soul, his love of healthful sport and his skill in combat, make him one of the most attractive characters which Scott has depicted in his poems.

We shall now attempt to picture Ellen who figures prominently in the story:

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
With finer form or lovelier face!"

She is the daughter of James Douglas, the uncle of the Earl of Angus. Her mother died when she was quite

young, and she has a foster-mother,
Dame Margaret,

"To whom, tho' more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gives a mother's due."

Since she is the daughter of a powerful highland chief, she dresses in the silken plaid and wears the satin snood and golden brooch that proclaim her rank. Brought up amid the wild beauties of the mountains and lakes of Perthshire, her soul is filled with a love for nature's charms. Untrammelled by the rules of court, her step is light, her carriage graceful as a fairy's:

E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

Her speech, mellowed by the soft accent of the mountain tongue, has a personal charm that holds the chance listener. Her modesty is prettily portrayed in the scene where she first encounters Fitz-James:

"The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom screen;
Then safe, tho' fluttered and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed."

In her conversation with the old minstrel, Allan-Bane, her forceful words bespeak the nobleness and frankness of her disposition which strongly tends towards what is just and right:

"Rather will Ellen Douglass dwell
A votaress in Muronuaris cell;

Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er is spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglass heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love."

Ellen is gifted with a strong, resolute will. When Roderick Dhu in all his pomp comes to the island after his victories, Ellen is called to meet him:

"Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreath a victor's brow?"

Lady Margaret thus remonstrates, but Ellen reluctantly obeys, and when she hears a distant bugle note, she seizes the opportunity of embracing what appears to her conscience as true and proper:

"List, Allan-Bane! from mainland cast
I hear my father's signal blast.
'Be ours,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side."

And leaving Roderick eagerly looking after her, she darts to the boat and is soon out into the bay. How dutiful and filial is her love for her father! She is soon at the other shore, and when her father is safely in the boat she opens her heart, by word and eye betraying her anxiety and love:

"Oh, my sire!

Why urge the chase so far away?
And why so late returned? And why—
The rest was in her speaking eye."

We catch a glimpse of the religious side of her character when in the cave she is singing the Ave Maria, accompanied on the harp by Allan-Bane.



SNAP SHOTS—SCENES AND EVENTS

By L. Ball and J. Sexton

1. Professor J. C. Monaghan; 2. In College Park; 3. St. Patrick's Parade;
4. Below the Lake



Roderick Dhu overhears them and stands "unmoved in attitude and limb," and when the music ceases, he sadly exclaims:

"It is the last time, the last time e'er,
That angel voice shall Roderick hear."

Ellen's womanly instincts which lead her to shun Roderick are unconsciously made known in the short speech of the warrior:

"Mine honored mother—Ellen—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?"

But we must leave the beautiful character of Ellen and turn our attention for a few moments to the strikingly soldierly character of Roderick Dhui. This bold and fearless warrior is the son of Margaret, Ellen's foster-mother. Scott first introduces him to us when he arrives at the island. This meeting with Ellen has already been described.

To understand his actions more fully, it is necessary to mention the enmity that exists between him and Malcolm Graeme. Both are suing for the hand of Ellen, and the outcome of this contention forms one of the principal themes in the poem. When Roderick is partaking of the hospitality of the Douglasses, he and Graeme quarrel, but a bloody duel is averted only by the intervention of Ellen and Margaret. Then it is that he makes his sharp, bitter speech:

"Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!"

His nature is fiery and impetuous. That evening he swore "to drown his love in war's wild roar" nor to think of Ellen again. But in vain, as Scott assigns the simple reason:

"But he who stems the stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love."

All night he paced the lonely strand and no thought of rest or of peace could allay the fires raging in his mind.

Ellen gives a clear idea of her impressions of him, when, before his coming, she is speaking to Allan-Bane:

"I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air."

He is strongly given to the prevalent superstitions of his time and holds the traditional beliefs of the Clansmen of Scotland—for instance, the ritual of the Fiery Cross.

Roderick undoubtedly has in him the sternness out of which warriors are made, and it is happily blended with a nobleness of spirit worthy of a soldier's soul. These traits are brought forth strongly in the words of Roderick before the combat:

"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard."

'Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel."

Observe the passion and bold courage
that ring in these words:

"He yields not, he, to man nor fate!
Thou adds't but fuel to my hate."

Even when he might have caught
Fitz-James unawares, he has honor
enough not to take a mean advantage.

"It rests with me to wind my horn:
Thou art with numbers overborne.
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand.
But not for Clan or kindred's cause
Will I depart from honor's laws.
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name."

This spirit of honor is united to a
courtesy, which we must confess re-
markable in the light of the present
trend towards selfishness. Having
dismissed his band of ready warriors,
he thus addresses Fitz-James:

"Fear naught! nay, that I need not say,
But, doubt not aught from mine array;
Thou art my guest. I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford."

Though Roderick is unknown to us
when Fitz-James seeks food and rest
of him, he displays a spirit of mercy
which we must praise.

"Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand.
Tho' on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael."

In the combat, however, Fitz-James
surpasses him in sword play, as is set
forth in the words of our author:

"Fitz-James' blade was sword and shield;
He practised every pass and ward,—
'To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard,
While less expert, tho' stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war."

The last view we have of Roderick
is in the dungeons at Stirling, where
his life is slowly wasting away:

"As the tall ship, whose lofty prow
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand,
So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu."

His first thoughts when he sees the
minstrel are of his clansmen and the
war, as we see in his disjointed ques-
tions:

"What of thy lady? Of my clan?
My mother? Douglas? Tell me all.
Have they been ruined in my fall?
Ah yes, or wherefore art thou here?
Yet speak, speak boldly, do not fear."

Allan was too choked with fright
and grief to answer, so the chief con-
tinues:

"Who fought? Who fled? Old man, be brief;
Some might, for they had lost their chief.
Who basely live? Who bravely died?"

When Allan speaks of Roderick's clan
thus:

"Thy stately pine is yet unbent,
Tho' many a goodly bough is rent,"

the worn warrior with a supreme effort
raises himself up, his face deathly pale.
He bids the minstrel play on his harp
the martial airs which were played
when his clan met the Saxons:

I'll listen till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the clash of spears."

The bard obeyed tremblingly, and the dying chief's face shows different emotions as the song changes. Scott touchingly describes his death:

"His face grows sharp, his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched.
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy.
Thus motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu."

Such are the chief characters which figure in the Lady of the Lake. Scott has borrowed them from history, but his lively imagination has clothed them with the noblest of human qualities and emotions, so that while charmed by the sweet music of the verse and carried away by the swift current of the story, we are at the same time instructed and elevated by his beautiful portrayal of human nature.
Frank Prohaska, '13

The Sunny South

I love the South, the sunny South,
Where cooling breezes blow,
Where trees ne'er lose their dress of green,
Where laughing brooklets flow.

I love the South, the sunny South,
Where songsters wake the day
And freely fling from silver throats
Their sweet, unending lay.

I love the South, the sunny South,
The land of peace and joy;
Her woods and fields, her lakes and streams,
All thrilled me when a boy.

I love the South, the sunny South,
And though from her I roam,
My heart is with her evermore—
The land I call my home.

I love thee, Southland, sunny South,
And e'er my prayer shall be,
That when I'm called to meet my God
I'll go to Him from thee.

E. J. Lebeau, '10

The Ivory Idol

On April 1, 1909, I mounted the gang plank of the S. S. Cardonia of the Royal Line, leaving San Francisco for Shanghai. Scarcely had I arranged my luggage in the state room, when, with a warning shriek, the huge ship swung slowly out from her moorings, amid the farewell cheers of the crowd on the pier.

At nightfall we were rolling upon the waters of the Pacific. For the first time in my life I felt homesick. "Bah!" I sniffed, "why should I feel homesick, I, who had no home for years?" Still I wished to be again on land with my friends and acquaintances. Nevertheless I intended to be as contented as the circumstances would allow. Leaving the supper table, I adjourned to the deck where, seated in a large steamer chair, I began to think of the city I had just left, and tried to imagine what would befall me on this trip which I was somewhat impatiently undertaking.

I was revolving many plans in mind when a smothered cough at my side roused me from my reverie.

"Is this Mr. Sagen?" some one inquired.

"Yes," I answered, somewhat surprised that any one on board should know me.

"My name," continued the stranger,

"is Martin L. Lewis, of New York. Presuming that you are on a pleasure journey I would like you to do a favor for me."

"Well, what can I do for you?" said I, wondering what new adventure might be in store for me.

Encouraged by my ready interest in his affairs, Lewis first begged pardon for appealing to me, a stranger, and then said:

"Listen attentively to the story I am going to relate to you, and then judge whether I have taken an unpardonable liberty in attempting to enlist your services."

Drawing up to my side a nearby chair, Lewis sat down and commenced his story.

"By profession I am a doctor, and until lately Chief Surgeon in the New York Ear and Nose Hospital. A year ago while traveling through China, I chanced to visit the temple, called by foreigners 'Many Idols.' While gazing at an ivory image in this famous place, I was suddenly embraced by a man at the time cleaning the lamp before the shrine, who exclaimed 'brother'! I had scarcely time to get a glimpse of his face before he was seized and hurried away by a party of Chinamen who had come on hearing him call. I was at my wit's end, try-

ing to find a reason for his strange act, and the way in which he had been taken away; but I could come to no other explanation than that the man was insane. What puzzled me most was this: the man had uttered the word 'brother' with a pure English accent. Now I was sure that he could not be my brother, for the latter was at the time in Australia."

Lewis paused here to give me an inquiring look. When I had assured him that I was following perfectly the narrative, he proceeded:

"I returned to New York shortly afterwards, and under pretense of inquiring about his health, I sent my brother a cablegram. An answer came back that James had left for Japan some time previously. This unexpected news aroused my suspicions. I quickly conferred with Doctor Bassinger, a retired physician, and acquainted him with the whole affair. He agreed to accompany me to Shanghai to see if the mystery could be solved. This accounts for our being on board ship, bound for China. We are resolved to rescue this man, whoever he be, from these Chinese, who in my opinion, are holding him captive for some reason or other. Now, Mr. Sagan, I am asking you as a favor to lend a helping hand, provided it will not inconvenience you."

"I will help you," I said, "and, believe me, I will be very glad to do so."

I had just finished speaking when a

middle aged man came up, and looking over his glasses at me, said:

"Well, Emille—"

"Bassinger," interrupted Lewis, "I want you to shake hands with Mr. Sagen."

"Sagen," mused Bassinger. "I wonder if it is Henry Sagen of Baltimore? I have had the pleasure of meeting him before." He extended his hand as he spoke.

"Sure, I said, taking his hand, "Doctor Bassinger and I are old friends, having spent the winter of '99 together at Palm Beach."

The remaining days of the voyage passed very pleasantly in company with the Doctor and Lewis. One morning, upon awakening, we found that the Cardonia was in dock at Shanghai, and our journey at an end. Leaving the ship together, the three of us took rooms at the Grand Empire Hotel, choosing this because it was conducted by an English company.

II

The next morning we went to the temple and began our delicate work of rescue. We climbed the low steps of the approach and entered the spacious hall that contained the ivory idol. Nearby, a man was cleaning the lamp; I noticed that he wore no queue. We passed on, examining the wonderful image carved from a single piece of ivory, also the various ornaments that hung on the walls. So struck were

we by the beauty of it all that we almost forgot our mission. Lewis laid a hand on my arm as we returned to the shrine, and said:

"There is our man." Bassinger then approached the servant and said something in English. The latter, not heeding him, went on with his cleaning.

"The fellow is evidently insane," remarked Bassinger. Then turning to the entrance of the temple, he said: "Don't leave until I return."

In a few minutes he was back again, holding a hyperdermic injector in his hand. Quietly approaching the servant, he suddenly seized his left arm, and shot the needle into the flesh.

"Please, Sagen, go call a cab." They brought the man to the carriage, placed him inside, and when Bassinger had jumped in, he whispered to the driver, "Grand Empire."

Lewis and I sought another cab and we were soon at the hotel. We went to our rooms and helped lay the man who by now was in a heavy stupor, on the bed. Having rested for a short time, Lewis broke the silence:

"Let us remove this pigment from his face and see if we can identify him."

Accordingly I procured a basin and towel, and scarcely had we finished our task when Lewis was heard to exclaim, "By heavens, it is my own brother!"

Imagine our dismay when we real-

ized into what distress this revelation had thrown poor Lewis. After a few moments, Bassinger broke the painful silence.

"Well, Lewis," he said feelingly, "I am very much pleased at seeing what a turn events have taken. We must continue our efforts and trace this matter to its source. He then crossed over to the table and having procured a pair of scissors, said: "I must now cut his hair and shave his head."

This done, he made a careful examination of his skull, and when his delicate fingers touched a spot above his temples, he quietly remarked, "his insanity is the result of a blow on the head."

"Near the temple?"

"Just above, but I am going to fix that."

"Mr. Sagen," he said, "please bring that black bag here. I have some drugs in it; and go, please, and enquire at the office below for a good English surgeon; get him and tell him to bring an operating kit."

I did as he ordered.

About ten minutes afterwards I returned with the surgeon.

The latter was an elderly gentleman, stout and very comfortable looking. His face was wreathed in smiles.

"Dr. Cunningham, is it not?" asked Lewis.

"Yes, gentlemen, and I have the pleasure to meet——"

"Mr. Lewis, the brother of the pa-

tient," said Bassinger, "and Mr. Sagen, a friend, and I am Dr. Bassinger. We sent for you, Dr. Cunningham, because we were in need of help. Our patient lying there has received a blow on the head which caused insanity, and since I am a surgeon, as are also Mr. Sagen and Mr. Lewis, I believe we might try an operation with good hopes of success."

"Very well, very well," the Doctor replied, "I am at your service."

We laid the man on the improvised operating table, and Bassinger rolled up his sleeves while the rest of us got things in readiness. The time passed so quickly that before I realized what was taking place, Bassinger was through. The operation seemed successful, judging from all signs.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Bassinger threw himself back into a chair where, utterly fatigued by his exertions, he soon fell asleep.

"Now, gentlemen, as Dr. Bassinger is asleep, we must remove the patient," said Cunningham.

We laid the patient on the bed and then sent out for an English nurse.

The nurse found us all sitting around, discussing the chances of recovery.

"Pardon me," said the nurse as she entered, "you sent for me?"

"Yes," said Cunningham, "We want you to attend to this man, and, mind you, nothing but ice and salt. Understand?"

"Yes sir."

Cunningham stood up and taking his bag and hat, walked to the door.

"I will come back to-night," he said.

A few days later James Lewis sat up in bed, uttering these disconnected words: "The diamond cr——where am I——why,"

But Lewis put his arms around him and told him he must lie still and be quiet.

"My head," murmured James.

"I know, but go to sleep; do not speak."

We paid the nurse, but Dr. Cunningham refused to accept remuneration, and when the latter left us that night we were sorry indeed to see him go, for he had proved a good friend to us.

III

In a month when James was entirely well and strong we were eating in the dining room of the hotel when Emile Lewis said: "James, we want to know how it was that you came to be a servant in the temple."

"Well," he said, "how I came to be a servant, I don't know; I do not remember serving in the temple at all, and I find it hard to believe that I did so. But I am going to relate to you a deed that merits not only such slavery but even death. I went to Australia a few years ago as you remember, but becoming tired of that country I took boat to Japan and from Ja-

pan to Shanghai. Whilst visiting the temple one day, I noticed a beautiful crown of diamonds which was hung on the left hand of the ivory idol. I became a thief from that moment, for in my heart I formed the resolve to take that crown. That night I went to the temple carrying a bag with me, and there I saw two Chinamen at worship. With a dagger which I had concealed in my sleeve I killed one and wounded the other. I took the diamond crown and put it in my bag, but no sooner had I started to leave than a bright light was turned on me. I hid my face and ran, but in the excitement my hat was lost.

"I boarded a train for Pekin and from thence sailed to San Francisco. I did not worry much about the robbery, but the murder—Emille! Emille! it was a torture. The scene racked my brain and remorse was at work in my heart. I was marked as a second Cain by God, and as a murderer and thief by men. I kept the crown in an iron box in my room, looking at it only by night.

I determined to remain in San Francisco in the vain hope that the dastardly deed would soon be forgotten. A few months after the robbery I received a small package by mail. Upon opening it I found, to my great surprise, a mummified frog, a bird and a rat; and on the rat's head was stuck a small gold dagger, an inch in length. I did not know what to make of it. I

showed it to some friends and they told me to go to Wa Sing in Chinatown, who was held as a prophet among the Chinese inhabitants. On entering the joss house kept by Wa Sing, that worthy personage met me at the door and giving me a strange, searching glance, proceeded to answer my question. When I opened the box, he drew back and gave me another look. He took out the bird and I noticed that it was of a very peculiar species. He next took up the frog and then the rat. On taking the latter into his hand he felt the small dagger and his face showed great alarm.

Carefully packing up the bird and frog and rat into the box, he closed it and said: 'Unless you can swim in the sea like a frog or fly in the air like birds or burrow in the ground like mice you will not escape a violent death.'

I went home more mystified than ever. But I began to suspect that I had been seen when the light was turned on me as I left the temple. I treated the matter lightly—too lightly, my dear Emille, as you see, and I looked upon it as a jest.

A week or two later I was coming down the stairs from my room when I found at the bottom of the steps a letter addressed to me. Opening it I discovered three silken strings. I went again to Wah Sing, who took me to a room behind the store and, pointing to a chair, told me to sit down. I do not

know whether he recognized me or not, but he fixed his eyes on mine and never lowered his gaze until I had explained all. Then he said: 'Unless you put yourself out of the way, you will be slain by strange hands.' He pointed to the door.

Going home I sat down to think this affair over in my mind. It struck me as being very peculiar that any one in the temple should have recognized me, for I am sure that I had my face covered when the light was turned on me. I let the matter rest until a week later when I received a small paper box such as jewelers use. Upon opening it I found a small golden sword about two inches long. I examined it closely and perceived that on the blade was inscribed some Chinese characters. I then knew that I was a marked man.

I went to Wah Sing again. He conducted me to the same old room and, sitting down, said:

'You have come twice to see me on a very delicate matter. You come the third time to find out more of this mystery. You will never know. The first time it was a bird, a frog, a rat and a dagger. The second time it was silken strings. You need not open the box, for I know it is a golden sword.

'Listen,' he continued, 'you have committed a crime and incurred the anger of my countrymen. Take my advice and get help.'

I left him and, going into a hard-

ware store, purchased two revolvers. I then went home and hid my diamond crown; and for a week nothing happened. Friday night was a rainy one and I had come home early. I took out my crown and looked at it for a long time. I put it in my bureau drawer and went to bed. I remember then smelling chloroform and receiving a blow, but I recollect nothing more. Here James stopped.

"Well," asked Emille.

"That is all," he answered.

After a week our boat left Shanghai and we departed for the States, glad to be away from the weird scenes which we had been witnessing.

"Mr. Sagen, I want to thank you for helping us, and, believe me, I cannot express my thanks as I should, but any way I want to be your friend as you have been mine," said Lewis the day before we arrived in San Francisco.

"Don't mention it," I said, "only to put in a word. Your brother," I continued, "did not end his story, for he does not know it, but I am going to fish out the details."

"How?" he asked.

"I am going with James to Wah Sing and ask him if he had ever seen James before, because I believe that Wah Sing had a hand in that affair."

The day we arrived in San Francisco I went accompanied by James to Wah Sing's establishment."

"Wah Sing," I said, after we had

gone to the back room, "I have come to ask you something, and though you are not bound to tell us, you would please us by doing so. First of all, have you seen this man before?" I pointed to James.

"Yes."

"It is concerning him that I would have you tell me all that you know."

"Well," he answered, "I will tell you, on one condition—that no one else must know."

"No one except his brother here and another man," I answered, "whom I would ask you to meet. Will you come with us to the Palace Hotel?"

"Very well," he answered.

We arrived at the Palace Hotel, and after I had introduced Wah Sing to my friend I said: "Wah Sing, now tell us what you know. Though, as I said before, you are not bound to tell us the full story; still it will be better if you omit nothing."

"As you know," said Wah Sing, "since the young gentleman must have told you, he came to me three times. I told him what each warning meant, but he seemed not to care. A few days after he had come to me with the third warning, five Chinamen entered my store. I rose to meet them and they said they would speak to me privately. I conducted them to my

room and there the eldest took off his robe, placed his hand on my shoulder and told me the story of the crime. He wanted me to swear before the ivory idol that I would avenge that deed. And so I swore before the image of the ivory idol and said: "Hear me, thou bearer of the diamond crown! They told me that on the same night they were going to take vengeance upon him."

"We hid ourselves in the man's room early in the evening, and at night while he was asleep one of the Chinamen, having given him chloroform, struck him on the head with a brass rod. We took him to Chinatown and hid him till the boat left. Then, dressing him in a Chinese costume I left him in charge of the others and I returned home fully convinced that the young man was rendered insane by that blow."

"Such was the vengeance of the bearer of the diamond crown. I have finished my story—I have no more to say."

Without giving us time to thank him he departed.

"So you see, James," said Bassinger, "you should never meddle with what is not yours. Take my advice and never touch diamonds."

Etchings

The Silver Star

The eastern sky was just beginning to blush with the first rosy tints of dawn when we climbed up the side of the "Silver Star." The trim little yacht was in a thorough sea-going condition, and as she lay at anchor, her graceful curves and tapering spars filled my beauty-loving heart with joy. Our tars almost to a man had grown old on the heaving bosom of the restless main, and could be implicitly relied on in an emergency.

The waves danced and frolicked in the rays of the fast-mounting sun; the dark green of the channel merged imperceptibly, like the colors of a rainbow, into the deep blue of the gulf; the wind made wild music in the rigging overhead, and the good ship, under a full head of canvas, careered gaily over the curling waves. My guests on the cruise all expressed their delight at escaping from the heat and dust of the city, as the wind coming in invigorating puffs filled their lungs with life-giving air. Bowling along, we left a wake of creamy foam in our rear, soon, however, to be obliterated, leaving the mighty ocean trackless as before.

As the sun neared its zenith, we approached the island intended for our destination. Casting anchor, we rowed across the intervening water. After landing we divided into three parties to explore the island, having previously selected a spot near the south beach as being most suitable for a rendezvous on account of the excellent shade afforded by some wide spreading oaks that grew nearby.

Here, after several hours spent reveling in the seductive mysteries of the unknown, we met, built a large, roaring fire and initiated ourselves in all the joys of a clam-bake. Dinner over, we lay, luxuriously prone, on a velvet carpet of soft green grass, gazing languidly up into the empyrean, and puffing contentedly on our meerschaums.

With the wind on our starboard quarter and with every sail set, our homeward voyage was even more delightful than that over to the island. It was just as the first stars were beginning to struggle for life that we arrived safely at the pier. All had spent an enjoyable day and, weary from the pleasures of the trip, retired early to enjoy that sweet oblivion, sleep.

J. P. Newsham, '12

A Night in Camp

The voices of the woodland songsters that had entertained us during our day's trip up the river, had ceased and the sun was slowly sinking in the west when our two canoes were pulled upon the shelving shore. Camp was pitched and the savory smell of supper in preparation mingled with the fragrance of pine and hemlock.

Supper over we lit our pipes and sat around the fire, each one in turn telling a story or a personal experience. Soon the fire burned low and we retired for the night. The moan of the whippoorwill and the hooting of the screech owl, the cry of the tree-toad and the chirping of the cricket, together with the many voices of the night, kept me awake for a time, but it was not long before I joined my companions in dreamland.

It was about 3:45 in the morning when we were disturbed by a fierce howl just outside the tents. All were astir, and upon investigation we discovered a wolf nosing about the camp. A rifle barked and the dying growl of the animal reverberated through the tranquil forest. After this little incident we retired again and all slept snugly until morning.

I was the first up and not having any special duty, I left camp with my gun, returning in about an hour with a brace or two of birds. After breakfast we packed and made ready for a

hasty departure, and at about 6:30, when the sun was slowly advancing through the eastern skies and the birds were beginning to carol, we pushed off and continued our journey.

C. L. Paty, '12

A Village Scene

Once while visiting the mountains of Virginia, I had an occasion to ride in an antiquated stage coach from one little village to another. It is needless to say that the scenery along the route was exceedingly beautiful, but on account of the jolts of the rusty contrivance beneath me, I was unable to enjoy the panorama nature had stretched out on every side.

As we drew near a small town, there were words of admiration from the outside passengers for the snug little houses nestling so cozily in the valley. Rolling along by a circuitous road we finally entered the outskirts of the village. Drawing up at the dingy little post-office, my attention was attracted by the various greetings of the passengers and towns-people. Here were an old man and his daughter united again after perhaps a week's separation. There a happy swain and his rustic lass were, half-embarrassed, admiring each other; he had probably just arrived from the city where he had been visiting. I saw two old cronies effusively greet-

ing each other; one had returned after a month to his peculiar haunts.

Bustle and excitement were everywhere. After making the horses fast to the hitching post, the driver sauntered among the crowd. I noticed that he distributed to a few what looked like presents; a squirrel, a pheasant, a couple of newspapers, a bundle of drygoods, and to one bashful maiden he whispered something at which her face grew red, and she eagerly stretched forth her hand to receive a sealed note.

At length the time for the stop-over was up and the horses having had a good blow were started on a trot through the town to the next village.

As we in the lumbering carriage passed along the narrow streets, we were stared at by every man, woman or child who happened to be within short distance of a window. At the street corners, too, were idlers who looked as though they had never before seen the coach, and I am sure that if they saw it once, they saw it a hundred times.

Finally one of the axles became loose and we had to stop at the blacksmith's shop. Here was gathered the sagest crowd in the whole country. No party could vie with them in politics; the government should be run according to Hank's idea, or according to Si's. One old farmer waxed warm in a discussion on the problem of the airship. So heated became the

argument that one of the helpers stood open-mouthed with a horse's hoof in his lap, while the poor beast stood impatient of the delay. Another at the anvil dropped his sledge, shook his head, then resumed his pounding on an iron rim. The urchin at the bellows, glad of an excuse, stopped pumping until sharply reminded of his job by the old smith himself.

The axle was tightened and we rode on. I remember that I looked back and saw the old farmer still sitting on a nail keg and haranguing the few patient bystanders, unaware even that we had left them.

F. L. Prohaska, '13

The Skull

Panting and fatigued from my climb up the mountain I looked about me, just as the sun was beginning to set, to see if I could find a cave to protect me from the unpleasant night air. Directly in front of me I spied the entrance to a cavern and my heart was glad. I entered, unbuckled my knapsack, ate a light supper and prepared to go to sleep. Stretching myself at full length, my hand rested on something hard and cold. I thought at first that it was a stone, but a certain clammy feeling that clung to it convinced me that I was mistaken. Imagine my horror upon striking a light, at beholding a human skull. It was

only by a great effort of will that I refrained from shrieking aloud. I cast the thing far from me and tried to compose myself to sleep. But what a night I passed! Sleep came to me in the shape of skulls and hideous monsters, and when I awoke suddenly from out these nightmares I was afraid to stir either hand or foot lest I should again come in contact with this death's head. Morning came at last and with it vanished all my fears and horrors of the night. I searched the cavern and in one corner found the skull. I brought it out into the light of day and examined it carefully. A deep gash in the forehead told the story of a violent death. I explored the cave carefully and not finding any human bones, concluded that the crime must have been committed in the forest below, from whence the skull may have been carried by a wolf to the cave where I found it.

Quite in contrast with my actions of the night before, I put the skull in my knapsack and carried it home where it occupies a prominent place among the other souvenirs of my explorations.

H. J. Prevost, '12

The Open Window

One autumnal evening, having nothing else to do, I sat down by the open window to read. After perusing a volume of Poe's "Tales" for an hour or more, my eyes began to grow tired,

so I closed my book and sat meditating on what to do next. As something suggested itself, I was about to leave my chair when, glancing through the open window, I was fascinated by the scene without.

The sky was clear and serene and all nature wore that rich golden livery which betokens autumn. The birds were taking their last farewell banquets and preparing to go South. The sinking sun gave the horizon a rich yellow tint that changed gradually into the deep blue of the mid heaven.

Off on the western horizon the forest clad hills lay silhouetted against the burnished sky, casting their long shadows across the valley beneath. Flat meadow lands composed the valley, flanked on each side by fields of Indian corn which, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, promised a bountiful harvest.

A shell road lined on each side by sturdy oak and thick-growing cottonwood, led past the house, through the valley, and finally disappeared like the end of a white ribbon among the recesses of the hills. On one side of the road, just before it dipped through the valley, there was a large orchard burdened with ruddy fruit which hung in oppressive opulence on the trees. On the other a grove of beech and hickory nut trees spread out down the hill from which might be heard the bark of a squirrel or the occasional whistle of a quail.

H. S. Patterson, '12

What Dixie Used To Be

By J. C. Monaghan.

Oft I pause perusing pictures
That my fancy paints at times,
Running words around and round
them

Till they run in rambling rhymes.
Among the fairest of my pictures,
One I always like to see,
Pictures Dixie, dear old Dixie,
Just what Dixie used to be.

Boys, when bad, would get a warn-
ing—

Never a whipping in the South—
Just a kindly word of warning
From some mammy's soothing
mouth:

"Quality, now massa Johnny, listen,
It does nothin' mean;
Head erect and face out, forward;
Keep your soul, sah, sweet and
clean."

That was doctrine down in Dixie,
From the center to the sea,
Down in Dixie, dear old Dixie,
Just what Dixie used to be.

Home it was of noble women,
Wives and mothers of our men
Sanctified by Southern virtues
In the hours of glory, when
We had Jacksons, Lees and Johnsons,
Men worth tons and tons of gold,

When each name was held in honor
And men's honor ne'er was sold.

Gold has never measured manhood,
Gold can never measure Lee;
Gold can never measure Jackson,
Nor the South from sea to sea.

What dear Dixie loves is virtue,
What it stands for is the truth,
This they got from mothers, Jesus,
This they gave to Southern youth.

By the banks of Southern rivers,
By the shores of Southern seas
Men have died as brave as Bayard,
Jacksons, Johnsons, Robert Lees,
Even Lincoln from Kentucky,

Had Virginia for his sire;
'Twas Virginia's noble spirit
Set young Lincoln's soul on fire.
Let them give you gold and treasures,
Wealth in mountains or in streams,
But let the Southland keep the meas-
ures

That I've marked here in my dreams.
For the Dixie, dear old Dixie,
That our fathers knew of old,
Was better far than fifty Dixies
Measured by a mass of gold.
And so I'll sing, but not in sorrow,
For I'm sure what we shall see
Will be Dixie, dear old Dixie,
Just what Dixie used to be.

The Vengeance of Dawson

Cranston Blakeley and Carter Townsend were students of Shelton College. They were, indeed, more than mere acquaintances, for when Blakeley had entered the school, his first friend and companion had been Townsend; and the relations that had begun between these two gradually grew stronger until, in the course of a year, they had become bosom friends.

Blakeley was captain of the track team, and, as an athlete Townsend was second only to him. It was late in February, and the day for the Annual Track Meet with Midhurst College was near at hand. This event would decide the Interscholastic championship of the State. The members of the team, under the direction of experienced coaches, were training hard in order to get to the best possible condition. The distance men could be seen early and late, slowly covering lap after lap of the quarter-mile track; the sprinters were practicing short dashes; the weight men and jumpers in their respective places, were working to better themselves.

At last the appointed day arrived. The weather was just crisp enough to lend zest to the sports; the college grounds were gracefully decorated for the occasion, and multitudes of gaily dressed men, women and children

filled the stands, or wandered about the stadium.

Suddenly the shrill blast of a whistle caused the grounds to be cleared, and at the announcement, "Hundred Yard Dash," seven clean-limbed young men bent low over their marks. As the starter's gun was fired, they darted off and sped desperately along the corded lanes toward the finish. Cheer followed cheer for Shelton when it was announced that Townsend had run it in ten seconds flat, with Blakeley a close second, and Stark, a Midhurst man, third. By this first event Shelton acquired a lead of seven points and was determined to retain it.

The next event was the shot-put which Blakeley won with an excellent heave of forty-three feet, two inches, breaking the Interscholastic record. Midhurst men were second and third. On top of this came the two hundred and twenty yard dash, which was won by Townsend, with a Midhurst man second, and Morris of Shelton, third.

But here an accident occurred by which Shelton seemed destined for defeat. Blakeley, having started in this dash, sprained his ankle and was forced to retire from the games; and as he was counted upon to win the mile, the hammer-throw and the broad

jump, his loss looked irreparable. Turner, the head coach, was in the throes of despair. Reluctantly he ordered Blakeley to the club house to have his ankle cared for, and appointed Townsend temporary captain of the team. Though the latter succeeded in capturing the four-forty yard dash by a small margin, luck seemed to favor Midhurst, for by winning event after event, they soon tied the score. The mile run alone remained to decide the victory.

Blakeley was to have run for Shelton and, as he was champion of the State at the distance, his loss was again keenly felt; nevertheless, Townsend, the sole entry for Shelton against five Midhurst men, resolutely toed the mark and resolved inwardly to win that race if it were the last he was ever to run. Again the revolver sounded and the deciding race was on.

For the first quarter Townsend ran just a few paces behind two Midhurst men who were leading. At the half mile he was breathing heavily, as his work in the earlier races had begun to tell on him, and the distance between the leaders and the lone, struggling Shelton man was increasing. Soon they passed the three-quarter post, and had started to spurt.

But what was this? Townsend of Shelton, who seemed but a moment ago ready to fall, had suddenly increased his speed; the distance between himself and the leaders was

quickly decreased by one-half. Warned by the frenzied cheering of the crowd, they glanced around to see their opponent rapidly gaining on them. They were then within two hundred yards of the tape, and they hoped by a desperate spurt, to retain their lead to the end, but the moment they had lost in turning to see their adversary was fatal, for, with a burst of speed, amid the wild cheering of the Shelton stands, who saw their favorite saved almost miraculously from defeat, Townsend leaped past them and crossed the line a winner by several feet. He heard the time announced as four minutes, thirty-eight seconds, then his brain reeled, his knees grew weak, and he fell to the ground in a faint.

That night all was rejoicing in Shelton. Bon-fires were lighted, songs sung, meetings held, mirth and revelry held full sway. Yet despite all this celebration, one unhappy student, Roland Dawson, was to be found in Shelton. He had hoped in the beginning of the year to be elected captain of the track team; but when Blakeley was chosen, he resigned from the team; he even went further, for he actually pawned everything of value he owned and wagered it against his own college in the meet. When he saw, contrary to his hopes, Shelton victorious, he hurried to his room in a bitter frame of mind. While all others were indulging in honest rev-

elry, he traitorously planned a scheme to hurt Blakeley, the man he foolishly hated as the cause of his ruin.

In Blakeley's room, however, things were different. With his injured foot resting on a pile of cushions, he sat talking to his chum, Townsend, who had thrown himself on the bed, exhausted by his work that day. A crowd of students entered the room, and one of them approaching Townsend's bedside, shook his hand and feelingly said: "Townsend, these boys here, and myself, are convinced that such spirit and gameness as you have shown to-day, should not pass unrewarded, and though this gift but feebly expresses our appreciation, still, we know that you will understand from it, the esteem and regard in which you are held by us." Then, without giving the cripple time to reply, the spokesman and the others with a hasty "good-night" quickly left the room. Townsend, slowly recovering from his surprise, opened the package. The present was a diamond pin. Needless to say, he was overjoyed to receive this mark of esteem from his fellow-students, and it was sometime before he and Blakeley fell asleep.

This happiness, however, was not to continue long, for, as the news of the presentation spread through the college, Dawson contrived a plan to get even with his enemies; with Blakeley, for having beaten him in the election

for captaincy of the track team, and with Townsend, who was the cause of his money losses.

One evening when they were out he entered their room. As luck would have it, the first object to meet his eye was the case containing the scarf-pin. Opening it, he withdrew the treasure, and then replaced the case in the place where he had found it. Then he cautiously left the room, conjecturing all the while, that when the pin was missed, suspicion would surely fall on Blakeley.

That same night, Townsend upon returning opened the case to take another look at the much-prized gift. What was his surprise, not to say dismay, to find it gone? He asked Blakeley if he had seen it, but the latter was as much surprised as himself at its disappearance. The next day, as a diligent search failed to discover the missing pin, Townsend reported his loss. Immediately much indignation was manifested by the students, and many an evil glance was cast towards Blakeley, Townsend's roommate, for it was known that the pin had never been taken from the room before. Dawson also took particular pains to further strengthen the suspicion, and gradually Blakeley found himself shunned by all who were formerly his friends: by all, save one, Townsend himself. The evidence being so weighty against him, the President of the college wished to expel



CUB DAY

Photos by Ball, Sexton, Martin and Stewart

1. Entering College Grounds; 2. Catcher Needham; 3. A Cub rounding third; Tinker umpiring
4. Infielder Kane. 5. Warming up. 6. Outfielder Miller



him, but Townsend at once declared that if such a step were taken, he also would leave, as he was positive that his chum was innocent.

That very night when together in their room, wishing to show how he felt in this delicate matter, Blakeley said: "Townsend, I swear to you that I am innocent of this theft, and although things certainly look bad for me, were I to die the next minute, I would still protest my innocence. Tell me, Carter, do you think that I stole the pin?"

Townsend slowly rose and walking to him, placed his arm on the shoulder of his chum and said: "Blakeley, old man, were every student and professor of this college against you, I would still treat you as my friend, for I know that you are as guiltless as I am. Cheer up, things will soon take a turn for the better and all will be right again."

Blakeley much relieved by this frank assurance, took his hand saying, "I did not care what others thought of me, but I was afraid that you doubted my innocence. I thank you for your loyal words, and I promise that, if I ever have a chance to repay you, even though it should cost me my life, I will stand ready to help you."

Having thus freed his mind from a thought that had worried him greatly, he slowly undressed, got into bed and slept soundly for the first time since the beginning of the trouble.

Three weeks later, after Townsend had followed up every clue that might lead to the discovery of the thief, Dawson was detected with the pin in his possession and was publicly expelled. Blakeley was once more surrounded by throngs of students congratulating him on this decisive verification of his innocence.

As the days rolled swiftly by, the friendship between these two chums became more deeply rooted, and as they parted for their homes upon the day of graduation, one might have noticed a dimness of the eye and a huskiness of the voice when they said good-bye, for they thought they might never meet again. Townsend had arranged to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in the fall, and Blakeley contemplated studying law at Columbia.

Five years have passed since our two friends parted. Blakeley finished with honors his law course and returned to New Orleans, where he was introduced at the bar by an excellent firm. Within a year his splendid talent merited him admission into the firm, and shortly after this success he married. At Mardi Gras the next year, the U. S. S. Iowa steamed into the harbor of New Orleans with Townsend, now a midshipman, on board. When Blakeley heard of his arrival he sought him out and gave him an invitation to his home. As

Townsend was a stranger in New Orleans he gladly accepted it and was soon introduced to Mrs. Blakeley, who did all in her power to entertain her husband's old chum. His visit was thus made very enjoyable, but little did he think that an awful calamity was to end such happiness.

One night after a dance at Blakeley's home, while waiting for a car that would carry him to the levee, he was suddenly startled by the shrieks of a man evidently in great pain. Rushing to the spot he saw two men struggling fiercely. As he came up there was the flash of a knife and the weapon was plunged into the side of one of the men. Quickly Townsend opened his sailor's jack knife, threw himself recklessly upon the assassin and attempted to stab him, but his watchful opponent made a quick lunge in return and attempted at the same time to get away. Townsend eluded the blade, and before the villain could escape, plunged his own knife into his shoulder. The wound was not deadly, and with an oath the ruffian fled. Townsend then directed his attention to the wounded man who was dying from a stab in the left lung. Many people had heard the cries for help and soon reached the street corner. There was Townsend bending over the fallen man. He still held his knife, red with blood of the escaped murderer. In his hurry to aid the wounded victim he had forgotten to put it back in his

pocket. Although he protested his innocence, he was instantly arrested. Blakeley had come with the crowd, and knowing that his friend was the innocent victim of a terrible mistake, tried every effort to have him released on bond. The next morning he endeavored by political influence to obtain for his friend the benefit of bail, but his efforts in both cases were unavailing. With the exception of Blakeley and his wife, there was no one interested in the coming trial who believed Townsend's innocence could be proved. Every day he visited him in prison, and with many a loyal word did much to cheer him.

At last the day of the trial came. As the slain man had been very prominent in political circles, and had been unable to make any statement before dying, it seemed certain that Townsend would be convicted. Add to this, the prosecuting attorney was a very powerful lawyer, and a personal friend of the dead man. Against such odds Blakeley was to pit his own best efforts and eloquence, upheld by a firm belief in God's justice and his friend's innocence; for truly did he remember how, not many years before, Townsend had stood by him in like circumstances.

Owing to the great importance of the case, long before the trial was to begin the court room was crowded. In a chair near the dock sat Mrs. Townsend. She had come over from

Mobile at the first news of the arrest and was now painfully undergoing the merciless torture of the trial. In spite of the consolations of an older son who stayed at her side, the tears were stealing down her haggard cheeks. Though never doubting her son's innocence, she understood how dark things looked for him.

At ten o'clock, the hour appointed for the opening of the trial, the judge and jury took their seats, and the preliminary invocation was made. Mr. Ashland commenced for the prosecution. He dwelt long and earnestly upon the tell-tale evidence, the merits of the dead man, his loss to the city; and when he had finished, the conviction of the prisoner seemed a foregone conclusion. Indeed many felt it would be unnecessary for the jury to leave the room.

Then Blakeley took up the defence. Alone he had accepted the case; for one by one the more prominent lawyers of the city had refused to take it. Some seeing its apparent hopelessness, had even tried to persuade him to abandon it, saying that it would ruin his reputation and future practice; but they might as well have tried to change the rivers from their course. No, he had undertaken the defence alone, and alone was going to engage in battle with one of the most notable criminal lawyers of the country. He had spent days and nights in preparation, had prayed for his success, and

now that the crucial moment was at hand, he shrank not from the contest.

Calmly he rose from his seat. With pale face, steady eye and flushed brow, he faced the assemblage. He began by granting the enormity of the crime, and the fact that in accordance with the law, the murderer should be properly punished. Next, he related in full his client's account of the case, and then yielded the floor to the prosecution and its witnesses.

Again Mr. Ashland arose. Surveying the jury in a haughty manner, he began: "Gentlemen, we are here to-day to debate as to the innocence or guilt of the prisoner. If innocent, gladly do I say discharge him; but if guilty, sorrowfully do I insist that the law take its course. Is he innocent? Long have I weighed this question in mind, and keeping within the bounds of reason, I have concluded that it is impossible to consider him so.. There were no witnesses to the crime, it is true, but you have heard the sworn statements of many, who have testified to their having seen him, knife in hand, bending over the fallen man, and as the wounds upon Mr. Reynolds' body were inflicted by a weapon such as his, we can but conclude that the accused is the murderer. As I have said before, we have no witnesses to the crime itself, but what need have we of greater evidence than this? You have also heard his story. But, gentlemen, any one, when caught in his

position, red-handed as it were, would make similar excuses. Were such crimes as this let go unpunished, lawlessness would increase to such a pass, that it would be unsafe for us to entrust our wives and children, aye, our very selves, alone upon the street. Therefore, gentlemen, I pray you, for the common safety, as lovers of justice and God-fearing citizens, mete out to this man the punishment he deserves."

Then Blakeley began his final appeal to the jury. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are doubtless aware of the ties of friendship that bind me to the accused, but I would not have you believe that I contend for his acquittal on such grounds; rather, it is because I myself believe him innocent, and I feel that I have at hand arguments sufficiently strong to establish his innocence with you. Gentlemen, if, as my opponent has urged, the accused had committed the crime, do you think that he would have remained on the scene of the murder until the crowd had gathered in answer to the victim's calls? Such action would point to two things—that the murder was premeditated, and that the murderer was relying on this clever ruse to shield him from suspicion. These two suppositions are untenable in accusing my client of the murder. First, my client had never met Mr. Reynolds before. In proof of this, you have heard several members of Mr. Reynolds' family testify that he had never been away

from New Orleans. You have also heard the testimony of other credible witnesses state that Mr. Townsend had never before visited New Orleans. Therefore, as they had never met previously, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to believe that Mr. Townsend, meeting Mr. Reynolds upon the street for the first time, deliberately murdered him in cold blood.

"Secondly, his conduct has ever been honorable, therefore he could never have descended to such a clever bit of acting to throw off suspicion. The possible explanation for so unreasonable a crime would be insanity. But you have also heard numerous witnesses taken at random from among his acquaintances, swear that he had never shown the slightest mental derangement, or any signs of murderous propensities. These antecedents, gentlemen, clearly demonstrate that the accused could have no reasonable motive for the crime. Moreover, justice as you know, in a case of doubt leans to the side of mercy, and rather than have one innocent man hung upon weak circumstantial evidence, she would have ten guilty escape. Consider, then, gentlemen, this case thoroughly, and when you have fully and conscientiously examined it as loyal, upright and incorruptible citizens of our great country, cast your vote in favor of the side you believe to be true and leave the rest to God."

Here the defence rested, and the

prosecution declining to pursue the case further, it was presented to the jury. Two hours later they returned the verdict as follows:

"Whereas, in the course of our earnest efforts to probe into the true nature of the case, we have unanimously agreed that the charge of murder against Carter Townsend is false, and should accordingly be withdrawn. Therefore we pronounce the defendant not guilty."

This good news falling with such suddenness on Mrs. Townsend's ears caused her to faint. The strain had been too great and she had to be carried from the court room. Heaven had sent her relief when she felt herself tottering on the brink of despair. Blakeley was the first to congratulate his friend, and few can comprehend the violence of the feelings that surged in their breasts as they stood together.

But these felicitations were cut short by a sudden commotion in the back of the court room, when a man with a heavy beard, rushed out of the crowd, declaring that Townsend was guilty; that he was present at the murder and had seen him strike the man. Townsend for a moment stood dazed, then with a sudden light flashing in his eyes, he exclaimed:

"There is the real murderer; I can

recognize him through his false beard. Hold him, and if you desire more proof, lay bare his shoulder and see the mark of my knife." Two officers approached to seize the stranger, but he, pulling off his beard, instantly levelled a revolver at Townsend and laughed in triumph. "I'll fix you," he said. "Roland Dawson does not forget an injury, though years intervene."

Blakeley seeing the danger, leaped forward to disarm him, but before he could accomplish this he fell gasping to the floor with a bullet in his breast. A detective fired and killed Dawson.

The killing of the assassin passed unheeded by Townsend. Kneeling at the side of the man who had lately saved his life, both by his eloquence and the sacrifice of his own, he sobbed:

"Blakeley, dear fellow, forgive me for ever bringing you to this. I would to Heaven that I had died instead." The dying one feebly answered:

"I am sinking fast, and know that no man can help me. Hear what I have to say. Give my love to my wife, and say that I died thinking of her. As to forgiving you, old chum, there is nothing to forgive. I have only repaid the debt that I have owed you for so many years. I know it is hard to go, but God calls. His will be done. Good-bye."

And thus passed Townsend's friend.

A. C. Ball, '10.

In Memoriam

(William M. Walsh, '08.)

Death's voice. The summoned youth arose;
Life's hopes he doff'd and robe of clay;
A mother's joy, a father's pride,
Exchang'd earth's night for heaven's day.

Above him raise no broken shaft,
No sign of something incomplete,
No emblem of youth's brightest hopes
Wreck'd on the shore of dread defeat;

Above his grave erect ye not
A robed pillar unentire,
Nor symbol of unfinish'd day
That we must mourn in dark attire;

Nor yet in mem'ry of our dear one,
Rear sculptured monument to say
How all too soon he left the world
Amid the dawning of his day;

For fear, insooth, men passing by
Might judge that there beneath the sod
Asleep lies one who failed to bring
Life's golden harvest to his God.

For tho' the call from earth was sudd'n,
Yet not in earth his heart, his treasure.
His life was pure, his faith was strong;
It is by these man's life we measure.

No! not by years we reckon life,
Nor yet by gold or praises high;;
But life and its success is this:
To God be true and pure-soul'd die.

Full many see their locks grow hoary
With the gather'd frost of hast'ning years,
Yet have fail'd for Death to garner
Peace that banisheth all fears.

Thy hand did firmly clasp the Cross;
God's priest was near thy bed of pain.
Soft burn'd within the light of faith
And barr'd Death's darksome, grewsome
train.

Amid the sighs and whisper'd words
Of priest and dear ones there,
Thine eyes upon the dying Christ,
Upon thy lips we hear the pray'r:

"I am prepar'd to meet thee, Death,
If God will have it so.
Sweet Virgin, take me by the hand
And guide me as I go."

Then clos'd thine eyes forevermore
Upon the scenes of earthly mould.
To gaze, I trow, in joy and bliss
Upon the glories manifold.

Dear loving hearts, weep we no more;
Nor think on things that might have been.
God wills the best, trust then in Him,
And raise our thoughts above earth's din.

In mansions beautiful above,
Our lov'd one dwells for aye secure.
Let us so live that we may die
Like him—as fearless and as pure.

J. M. W., '03

The Springhillian

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Editorials

Return of Spring

Never did Easter usher in a Spring so full of the charms of our South-land; never were the College gardens more luxuriantly bedecked with azaleas, pink and white, with clustering wistaria and teeming japonicas, while variegated rose-blooms mingle their tints with the sombre green of the Aurea Biota. Every view of the surrounding woods reveal the lavish profusion of Laurel and Dogwood, Jasmine and Blood-root; and from purple dawn to crimson eve, the woods and the gardens ring with the mockers' roundelay. All praise to the beneficent God at whose bidding the Winter has passed and the flowers have appeared in our land.

Helping the College Paper

With the innovation of a new name, and a new cover design, comes the ambitious thought that the time is ripe for increasing the number of issues and placing our college magazine among the quarterlies; afterwards to be raised, by more capable hands, to the dignity of a monthly.

In reading over the recent issues of some of our numerous exchanges, notably the Georgetown Journal, we regretfully learn that the students of some institutions do not support their college paper as loyal students should.

Georgetown has a journal of which any university might well be proud,

and it is to be deplored that the editors of a magazine which for years has been second to none in college journalism, should at length find themselves in such a distressing situation. The masterly manner in which the editor of that publication replies in the March issue, to a letter suggesting "reformation," deserves special commendation and praise.

While it grieves us to know that there are instances of such lack of loyalty, we can but feel happy at perceiving the daily growth of literary enthusiasm among the boys and a readiness to work for the success of The Springhillian.

K of C Lectures . A source of much gratification to us was the visit of Professor James C. Monaghan, national lecturer for the Knights of Columbus. Thanks to Mr. M. Mahorner, '94, member of National Board of Directors, an opportunity was given to Faculty and Students of hearing this renowned speaker, and of realizing how great a work, in the interest of religion and literature, the Knights are accomplishing by their system of national lectures. We doubt if a better means could be devised to refine the Catholic minds of the country and to bring home to them the power and beauty of their Catholic faith.



Alumni

Word from Montgomery brings '83 the good news that John P. Kohn, '83, is a candidate for mayor with bright prospects for his election. Mr. Kohn has the best wishes of **Alma Mater** that he may attain that high honor, and win, as we are sure his sterling qualities deserve, the esteem and confidence of the citizens of Montgomery.

At the annual meeting of the '84 Jesuit Alumni Association of New Orleans, on January 21, Judge John St. Paul was unanimously re-elected to the office of president. This is the fifth time this distinguished honor has been his, and **The Springhillian** congratulates New Orleans on so happy a choice.

We are glad to learn of the pro-'94 motion to the position of Vice-President and Cashier of the Cochrane State Bank of Cochrane, Alabama, of A. J. Staub, Jr., '94.

When news came from Augusta, Ga., that Rev. P. J. Philipe, Vice-President, '08-'09, was so seriously afflicted in one of his eyes as to necessitate his giving up the scientific work in which he was so successfully engaged, the feeling of sympathy was general and heartfelt. This misfortune was most untimely, interrupting, as it did, his researches in the mysteries of Wireless Telegraphy. Several of his lectures on this subject were heard by distinguished scientists of that city, and they and the press were loud in their praise of the lucid and simple manner in which he brought this subject within the grasp of the people. **The Springhillian** hopes that Fr. Phillipe will soon be back to the laboratory in his former good health.

The boys of '09 will be glad to know, if the newspaper accounts have not reached them, that John Brown, our star second baseman, has "made good" at Tulane in the short-field position on Tulane Varsity.

Besides shining on the diamond, he also starred before the footlights on "Tulane Night." With him were C. McMaster, ex '08, and T. S. Walmsley, ex '09, and the skit, it is reported, which they presented so creditably, was their own invention.

Obituary

Etienne J. Marion, '78, the well '78 known druggist, died at his home in New Orleans on January 9. After leaving Spring Hill, he advanced with rapid strides to the height of his profession, and won on all sides the proud reputation of character and learning. His death was a truly Christian one, as his life had been. **The Springhillian** extends its sympathy to the brothers and only sister who mourn his loss.

A heavy cross was laid by God's '78 sweet Providence, on our fellow-student, John B. Rives, '13, when his beloved father, Joel E. Rives, '78, was called to the next world. His death was a happy one, fortified, as it was, with all the solace of religion. The Freshman Class, of which John is a member, went in a body to Communion for the repose and welfare of his soul.

In the Picayune for December '88 28, occurs the account of the death of one of Spring Hill's most honored sons. We quote:

"It was with profound regret in professional, social and military circles and, it may be said, by all classes of this city, that the sad news was received yesterday of the death at an early hour in the morning of Dr. John J. Archinard, A. B., '88, one of the best known and most esteemed among the physicians of New Orleans. He was still in the prime of life when the supreme summons came, and with his splendid physique and rugged constitution he gave promise of a long life. But at the age of 38 years, and after only a few days of illness, he was stricken by the inexorable hand of death, leaving a large number of relatives to mourn his untimely demise."

While the news of the passing '09 away of Luke Faget, so well remembered by the boys of the last few years, was sad in the extreme, the details of his beautiful death, so sweetened by the consolations of our Faith, give to the memory a lasting picture of one who, short of days, learned well the sublime lesson of education—how to die well. His dear family have the heartiest sympathy of Faculty and Students.

To F. P. Chalin, '09, in the loss '09 of his father, and to T. V. Craven, '09, in the death of his grandfather, **The Springhillian** takes this opportunity of tendering its condolence.

COLLEGE NOTES

J. Becker, '12

After the Holidays

On Jan. 4, the boys returned to College after a two weeks Christmas vacation. All reported an enjoyable time. It did not take long for them to realize that the whirl of festivity had ceased, and that the preparation for the half-yearly examination was in order, calling for serious study.

Retreat

The Annual Retreat began on the evening of January 9. The exercises were conducted by Rev. J. F. O'Connor, S. J., Provincial of the Southern Province of Jesuits. A thoroughly Catholic spirit of piety and devotion was manifested by both divisions. It is to be hoped that the good fruits gathered during those three days of retirement, meditation and prayer, will be treasured up and multiplied during the rest of the year.

Lee's Birthday

Patriotic airs, rendered by the Senior and Junior bands re-echoed throughout the Southern porticoes of the College on January 19, the birthday of the greatest General in Southern warfare. After a stirring eulogy on that loved leader by the President, the

J. S. Moran, '11

boys dispersed to enjoy the half holiday granted in honor of Lee.

Science Lecture

The class of Chemistry entertained the Faculty and Students for one or two hours on Feb. 2. The two lecturers, Sidney Braud, A. B. '10, and Albert Hahn, B. S. '10, handled their subjects with great skill and fluency, while their thorough experiments, in every instance successful, held the attention of all. L. Lavretta, A. B. '10, T. Byrne, B. S. '10, and H. Costello, B. S. '10, deserve great praise for the able way in which they assisted the experimenters.

Mardi Gras

"Dowe's Dusky Dewdrops," enlivened the afternoon of Tuesday, Feb. 8., by a minstrel performance not below the standard set in previous years. Duggan, Pardue and Black were the song artists that received ovations in every turn of the programme. Becker, however, shone as the evening star in that "twilight" gathering. After supper a dance brought the carnival celebration to a close.

Professor**J. C. Monaghan**

Nothing could have been more pleasant and profitable than the visit to Spring Hill, of Prof. J. C. Monaghan, National Lecturer of the Knights of Columbus. On his arrival Friday evening, March 11, the bands gave an informal concert in his honor. When the music was over, the Professor addressed a few words to the gathered Faculty and Students in the course of which he recited the poem, "What Dixie Used to Be," with a charm of manner and tone that won every Southern heart. In memory of the occasion we have published the poem on another page. The next morning he returned and delivered his well-known lecture, "How the Other Half Lives." It was full of the finished touches of the artist and the Knight, who interprets the molding influence of Catholicism on the civilization of the world.

**St. Patrick's
Day**

The Sons of Erin gave vent to their devotion to Ireland's Patron Saint, by an unique parade in his honor, in which everyone of Irish descent figured conspicuously. Knowing that France was once the home of the Saint, not a few of that nationality were lined up in the procession. The serenade at the home of Mr. Thomas Byrne was the feature of the celebration.

**Our Patron's
Feast**

Bishop Allen was our guest on the feast day of our College Patron, and all were glad to have his Lordship in our midst again. His address to the boys was brief and happy, and an ovation followed when the Bishop mentioned a holiday. In the evening, before a shrine of St. Joseph, beautifully adorned by the careful hands of some of the Sodalists, the usual hymns were sung in concert, with every mark of devotion and love.

**Cubs'
Visit**

March 22 was rendered memorable by the visit of the World's Champion Cubs to our College, where they took part in a game against our boys. It was a pleasure, long to be remembered, to see such "stars" as Reulbach, Moran, Needham, Kane and Luderus cavorting around our diamond, with Tinker, who did not relish the idea of a "doubleheader" in our tropical heat, acting as umpire.

The team was brought to the College in automobiles furnished by Messrs. Van Heuvel, Duggan and M. Mahorner; and the jovial, courteous spirit of the players won for them many friends. At the request of Mr. Moran and Mr. Needham, the 'Varsity was allowed to be present at the evening game against Mobile as guests of the Cubs. All reported an enjoyable outing.

Exhibitions

Junior

November 3, 1909.

PROGRAMME

FIRST PART

- Glow-Worm Lincke
College Orchestra
- Barn Dance Henry
Second Division Band
- Old Faithful Holzmann
First Division Band

SECOND PART

- The Life of Cicero W. H. Kelly
- The Charm of Cicero's Oratory S. Riffel
- The Speech of Marcellus J. Bauer

Sophomore

December 1, 1909.

AN AFTERNOON WITH LANIER

I

- Love's Fancies—Valse Lincke
College Orchestra
- Prince Rupert's Overture F. Luscombe
Second Division Band
- The Myth—Gavotte Hawley
First Division Band

II

- Sidney Lanier—A Biographical Sketch
George L. Mayer
- An Appreciation of the Poet
Maximo H. Diaz
- Declamation—The Revenge of Hamish
Benjamin A. Dolson

Science Class

February 2, 1910.

IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY

Fresh Flowers—Waltz Lincke
College Orchestra

PHLOGISTON, THE FLAME PRINCIPLE...Lecture

"Nothing in nature is to the unconstructed eye more mysterious than a flame. It is seemingly body without substance, and shape without coherence. It is created by a spark and annihilated by a breath. Invulnerable itself, it destroys what it touches. Divided, subdivided, it is still the same, yet endowed with the power of resolving other materials into their elements."

Lecturer Sidney F. Braud, Sen.
Assistant J. Lawrence Lavretta, Sen.

Cherry in the Glass Lincke
College Orchestra

The Midnight Sun—Recitation

James E. Duggan, Sen.

CHEMICAL CHANGES Lecture

- (1) History.
- (2) The first working hypotheses.
- (3) The laws governing chemical changes.
- (4) Theories and the true explanation of chemical changes.
- (5) Chemical affinity.

Lecturer Albert J. Hahn, Sup.
Assistants Christopher H. Costello, Sup.
Edward J. Kevlin, Sup.

Jolly Students—Waltz N. Brown
Second Division Band

Phenomenal Polka Laurendine
First Division Band

Freshmen

March 2, 1910

MUSICAL

- Duet for Cornet and Clarinet...Mendelssohn
Accompanied by
College Orchestra
- Serenade Schubert
College Orchestra
- The Jolly Blacksmiths Paull
Second Division Band
- The Storm King Braham-Paull
First Division Band

LITERARY

- Latin Declamation—In Catilinam
Daunis E. Braud
- Paper—The Characters in the Lady of the
Lake Francis L. Prohaska
- Declamation—The Combat from the Lady of
the Lake Francis L. Smith

Senior Academy

March 28, 1910.

PROGRAMME

- Cherry in the Glass Lincke
College Orchestra
- Declamation—"The Face on the Floor"
J. O'Flinn

Reading from Charles Lamb...P. Turregano
Song—"Italian Boatmen's Song"

Rev. E. Baehr, S. J.

Declamation—"A Mysterious Guest". M. Diaz
Essay—"Reading" C. Ball
Song—"No One Knows" L. Ball

The Schoolmaster { J. Becker
B. Dolson
C. Black

Song—"The Evening Star" L. Lavretta
Narration—"Friends at Last"..... A. Martel
Essay—"Education" A. Hahn
Song—"Roses" L. Ball
Reading from Mark Twain C. Black
Song—"I Love You Truly"..... L. Lavretta

First Academic**PROGRAMME**

April 6, 1910

Overture—Poet and Peasant Suppe
College Orchestra

Introductory Remarks R. Needham
Recitation—The Gladiator L. Adams
Multum in Parvo The Class
Rival Orators { A. Ziegler
R. Ducote
March—Thundercloud F. H. Losey
Second Division Band

Polka—The Pals G. D. Barnard
First Division Band



Springs

Spring has arrived at last. This is a wonderful season in these parts, and causes many things to come out, such as the hair on Lord Raphael's head, Diamond Joe's colored suit, and a quantity of jokes and knocks, among which are the following:

New Victim: "I hate to go to class when I haven't got my lesson."

The Sulky Soph: "Oh! you'll be all right when you get used to it."

Jimmie after swiping two pies from the kitchen "2 II R mine."

Pleasants missed the last car at Jones street and was kept out in the cold all night.

What's the saddest thing of tongue or pen?

'Twas when the bike broke down with Ben.

Poetic Pat: "How can I use this word 'cynosure?'"

Prosaic Pete: "Put it in this phrase, 'The cynosure of wandering eyes.'"

Poetic Pat: "Yes, but I don't mean the second gallery on a Sunday."

We know you are bashful Mistic, but why did you keep that blush for two weeks after the ball kissed you?

Johnnie Moreda says come to him for all particulars concerning the gentle art of sneezing.

"O'Neil asked the Vice-President to excuse him from the examinations."

"What did he tell him?"

"Told him that nothing but death could excuse him and then they would hold a post-mortem examination."

Astronomy professor: "I will devote this afternoon in telling you about Halley's Comet."

Dug to Fatty: "He had better tell it right. I saw it the last time it was here."

Tailor to bawling John: "What bust, sir, what bust?"

Moreda in astonishment: "I didn't hear anything break."

The social side of the Peanut trust has been greatly reduced, owing to the fact that the members have not yet completed their penances for Lent.

Professor after explaining meaning of logarithms: "Now what is a logarithm?"

Drags, the pious: "It is ten times a certain number, raised and re-raised, then called."

Who never passes a mirror without looking into it? Answer.

Big Ed: "Terry, old Toomey is a pretty good fellow."

Old pop of the nursery, "Yes and he is generous, too; yesterday when we were standing by the store he came up and said, 'What are we going to have—Latin or Greek next hour?'"

ATHLETICS

William K. Nicrosi, '10

S. H. C. 7, Mobile Stars 2

On February 13, the College opened the 1910 season with an easy victory over the Mobile Stars. The game proved a good practice one for the Varsity. Coach Sentell and Moreda, the College second catcher, were the battery for the visitors. Though one sided, the game was made interesting by the heavy hitting and snappy fielding of our boys. Pardue and Sentell featured with the stick, each getting a homer. Pardue, throughout the game, worked well, striking out 15, giving only one base on balls, allowing but two hits. The score:

MOBILE STARS	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Moreda, C.	4	0	1	4	3	0	
Sentelle, P.	4	2	1	0	3	0	
Brown, C. F.	4	0	0	2	0	0	
Pocase, 3rd B.	4	0	0	2	0	0	
Browning, S. S.	3	0	0	4	3	3	
Thomas, 2nd B.	2	0	0	2	4	0	
Chambers, 1st B.	3	0	0	10	0	1	
Blow, L. F.	3	0	0	0	1	0	
Benson, R. F.	3	0	0	0	0	1	
Total	31	2	2	24	15	5	

SPRING HILL	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
B. Dolson, S. S.	5	0	2	1	1	0	
Firment, C. F.	5	0	1	1	0	1	
Pardue, P.	5	1	2	0	2	1	
Nicrosi, 3rd B.	4	1	3	3	0	1	
Walsh, L. F.	4	0	1	0	0	0	
J. Dolson, 2nd B. ..	4	2	1	0	2	0	
Black, C.	3	1	1	15	1	2	
Becker, R. F.	4	2	2	1	0	0	
Riffel, 1st B.	4	0	3	6	0	0	
Total	38	7	16	27	6	5	

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Mobile Stars.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
Spring Hill	0	2	0	1	0	1	2	0	*

S. H. C. 21, Barton 3

On Robert E. Lee's birthday, Feb. 19, the Varsity had an easy time. The victims were the boys from Barton Academy, who also had been coached by Sentell. The Varsity administered an overwhelming defeat to the visitors, the final count being 21 runs, 16 hits and 21 stolen bases for the College, against three runs, four hits and two stolen bases for the Mobilians. The game did not allow any particular one to star.

O'Flinn, of last year's second league fame, started in for the Collegians, and

although he had good speed, he was lacking in control. To give the Varsity some fielding practice and to make the contest more interesting, Becker relieved him in the fifth inning, Pardue going to right, and Black behind the bat. Barton used two pitchers, neither of whose delivery seemed to worry S. H.'s batters. The score:

BARTON ACADEMY...	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Moulton, L. F.	2	0	1	2	0	0
Brown, 2nd B.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Moslander, R. F.	4	1	1	0	0	1
Buck, 3rd B. & P. ...	3	0	1	0	5	1
Boykin, 1st B.	3	0	0	9	0	1
Howell, C.	3	0	0	6	1	2
Gaines, S. S.	2	1	0	1	2	3
Woods, C. F.	1	1	0	3	0	0
Blow, P. & 3rd B. ...	4	0	0	1	2	4
Total	26	3	4	24	10	12

SPRING HILL	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
B. Dolson, S. S. ...	4	2	2	5	1	2
Firment, C. F.	6	4	1	3	0	0
Becker, R. F. & P. ...	6	3	3	0	0	1
Nicrosi, (Capt.) 3rd B.	4	2	2	3	3	0
Walsh, L. F.	4	2	2	0	0	0
J. Dolson, 2nd B. ...	6	1	1	1	3	1
Riffel, 1st B.	6	1	2	10	1	0
Moreda, C.	2	1	1	2	0	0
O'Flinn, P.	1	1	0	0	3	2
Pardue, R. F.	2	2	1	1	0	0
Black, C.	2	2	1	2	3	2
Total	43	21	16	27	14	8

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Barton Academy	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Spring Hill	3	2	0	0	7	0	2	7	*

S. H. C. 4, Athletics 2

Sunday, February 20, the Athletics met the College nine. Everything seemed to indicate an interesting

game. Ery was in the box for them, and while the score does not show that he was hit hard, yet he was wild, and when he managed to get one of his benders over the plate, it was generally met square on the nose. Only good fielding kept the score down. In the second inning, Black drove a liner over left field fence for a home run. As the game was late in starting, and on account of the inclement weather, it was called at the end of the seventh. Score:

ATHLETICS	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Drayton, S. S.	3	1	1	0	1	0
Benson, C. F.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Fornell, 2nd B. & P.	3	0	0	3	0	1
Cofegan, 2nd B.	2	1	0	0	1	0
Thomas, C.	3	0	0	11	0	1
Benedick, 1st B.	1	0	0	2	0	0
Ery, P. & 2nd B. ...	2	0	0	1	0	1
McGraw, C. F.	3	0	1	0	0	0
F. Benedick, R. F. ...	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	21	2	2	18	2	3

SPRING HILL	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
B. Dolson, S. S.	2	0	0	2	2	0
Firment, C. F.	2	2	0	1	0	0
Pardue, P.	3	0	1	1	1	1
Nicrosi (Capt.) 3d B.	2	0	0	1	1	0
Walsh, L. F.	3	0	0	2	0	0
J. Dolson, 2nd B. ...	3	0	0	1	0	1
Black, C.	2	2	2	7	2	0
Riffel, 1st B.	2	0	0	6	0	2
Becker, R. F.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	20	4	3	21	6	4

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Beavers	0	0	0	0	0	2	0		
Spring Hill	1	1	0	2	0	0	*		

S. H. C. 9, W. O. W. 3

Feb. 27. The next game was with the Woodmen of the World. Ery

again essayed to pitch—this time in a Woodmen of the World uniform. The visitors were the first to score. In the opening inning Calametti led off with a single, but Black threw him out stealing second. Then Thomas singled, stole second and reached third on a fielder's choice. Cofegan scored him with a hit. For the College B. Dolson walked, reached second on a hit of Firment and scored on Pardue's single. On a wild throw of Ery, Firment reached third and Pardue second. Nicrosi got to first on an error. On a wild throw to third to catch Firment, the latter scored, Pardue and Nicrosi advancing each a base. Walsh and Black ended the scoring by striking out. In the second round neither side scored, but the third proved fatal for the visitors. Pardue led off with a single, but was forced at second on a grounder by Nicrosi, who reached first on the play.

The score:

W. O. W.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Calametti, 2nd B. ..	3	0	1	3	3	1
Thomas, C.	2	1	1	3	0	0
McGraw, R. F.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Cofegan, 3rd B.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Farnell, S. S.	4	0	0	2	2	2
Hacker, 1st B.	4	1	0	5	3	0
Benson, C. F.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Benedick, C.	2	1	0	8	1	0
Ery, P.	3	0	0	0	1	2
Total	29	3	5	27	10	5

SPRING HILL	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
B. Dolson, S. S.	4	1	1	3	5	0
Firment, C. F.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Pardue, P.	4	0	2	0	3	0

Nicrosi, 3rd B.	5	1	1	2	0	1
Walsh, L. F.	5	2	2	3	1	0
J. Dolson, 2nd B. ..	5	2	1	1	2	0
Black, C.	2	1	1	9	1	1
Becker, R. F.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Riffel, 1st B.	3	0	0	8	1	1
Total	37	9	9	27	13	3

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W. O. W.	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Spring Hill	2	0	5	2	0	0	0	0	*

S. H. C. S., Beavers 4

The Beavers were defeated Sunday, March 14, on our campus by the score of 8-3. Pardue was in his usual fine form and allowed his opponents only one bingle—Beardsley hitting a clean one in the fifth inning.

Spring Hill started in to win in the first inning. Firment, first man up, hit for a home run. Pardue got a life on an error of third baseman, and scored on Nicrosi's two-bagger, Spring Hill added three in the seventh, and three more in the eighth. The Beavers made their only runs in the second. It happened thus: Zieman hit to short and the ball was fumbled. Roos, Beardsley and Leslie were passed forcing Zieman in. A wild throw by Pardue, and an error by Nicrosi, let in two other runs. The score:

BEAVERS	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Penny, 1st B.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Neeley, 3rd B.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Martin, C. F.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Zieman, S. S.	3	1	0	2	1	0
Roos, 2nd B.	3	1	1	0	1	0
Beardsley, C. F.	2	1	1	1	0	0
Leslie, R. F.	3	1	0	0	0	0



COLLEGE TEAM

(From right to left.) Nicrosi, 3 b.; Riffel, 1 b., Walsh, 1. f.; Black, c.; Neeley, p.; Firment, c. f.; J. Dolson, 2 b.; Becker, r. f.; Pardue, p.; B. Dolson, s. s.



Pierre, C.	4	0	0	12	2	1	SPRING HILL	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Kelly, P.	3	0	0	0	5	0	B. Dolson, S. S. ..	4	0	2	2	2	3			
Total	30	4	2	24	10	2	Firment, C. F.	5	0	0	0	0	0			
							Pardue, P.	5	0	1	2	7	0			
SPRING HILL	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	Nicrosi, 3rd B.	5	0	1	2	2	0			
B. Dolson, S. S. ...	4	0	0	2	2	1	Walsh, C. F.	4	0	0	1	0	0			
Firment, C. F.	5	2	3	1	0	0	J. Dolson, 2nd B. ..	4	1	1	0	2	0			
Pardue, P.	4	3	2	1	1	2	Black, C.	5	1	1	8	2	1			
Nicrosi, 3rd B.	4	1	3	1	1	1	Becker, R. F.	4	2	0	0	0	0			
Walsh, L. F.	3	1	1	0	0	0	Riffel, 1st B.	2	2	1	12	1	2			
J. Dolson, 2nd B. ..	3	0	0	3	3	0	Total	38	6	7	27	16	6			
Black, C.	3	1	1	13	1	1	Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Becker, R. F.	3	0	1	1	0	0	Pastimes	0	4	2	1	0	0	0	1	1
Riffel, 1st B.	4	0	1	5	1	1	Spring Hill	0	2	0	2	0	1	0	1	0
Total	33	8	12	27	9	6										
Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9							
Beavers	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0							
Spring Hill	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	*							

Chicago (N. L.) 5, S. H. C. 1

Tuesday, March 23, was a red letter day for the Varsity. In the morning

Pastimes 2, S. H. C. 5

March 20 witnessed our first defeat. The Pastime Club of Mobile were the victors. Although each side got the same number of hits, ragged fielding behind Pardue cost Spring Hill the game. It was the first bad day for our boys this season. The stick work was of the usual high order. Black featured again with a home run. F. Kelly, for the visitors, made several sensational catches in right field. The score:

PASTIMES	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pocase, 3rd B.	3	0	0	2	1	1
Turner, S. S.	3	1	0	1	2	1
Brown, 2nd B.	4	1	0	1	0	1
Penny, 1st B.	5	1	2	3	0	1
Hudoff, C.	5	1	1	11	2	0
Southerland, C. F. ..	5	1	1	0	0	0
F. Kelly, R. F.	3	2	1	2	0	1
Ford, C. F.	3	1	1	2	0	0
H. Kelly, P.	4	1	1	3	2	1
Total	35	9	7	27	7	6

Chicago (N. L.) 5, S. H. C. 1

Tuesday, March 23, was a red letter day for the Varsity. In the morning they had a five inning exhibition game with the Chicago Cubs, and in the evening attended the game at Monroe Park between Mobile Southern League and Chicago teams, at the invitation of "Pat" Moran, the Cub's catcher.

Thanks to the good work of the manager and the mediation of Ed. Ruelbach, Chance allowed his team to visit the College. Through the kindness of Messrs. Mahorner, Duggan and Van Heuvel, the Chicagoans were conveyed to Spring Hill in automobiles.

The 'Varsity put up the best game it ever played against professionals, and showed a spirit and pluck, greater than is to be expected by the warmest enthusiast, under such circumstances.

Chicago's first run was made on a series of wild heaves, and the second came when Needham poled a home run. In the fifth and final inning the visitors showed Spring Hill some real

hitting. They filled the bases, and then the mighty Luderus stepped to the plate. He chose a ball to his liking and drove it over right field fence for the prettiest home run ever witnessed on Spring Hill's diamond.

Spring Hill's run came in the fifth when Neeley batting for J. Dolson drove a single to left and was followed by Firment with a clean two bagger. Nicrosi then brought in the only run with a single to right.

The famous Joe Tinker umpired and gave such satisfaction that the captains of the leagues would have liked to sign him. All in all, the boys of both divisions enjoyed the game and the Chicago team left Spring Hill with the good wishes of all for another world's championship and with regret that such good fellowship could be enjoyed only for so short a time. The score:

CHICAGO (N. L.)..	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
F. Smith, S. S.	3	1	1	0	2	0
Miller, L. F.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Davidson, C. F.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Luderus, 1st B.	2	1	1	4	1	1
H. Smith, R. F. ..	3	0	0	0	0	0
Kane, 3rd B.	2	1	1	1	0	0
Needham, 2nd B. ..	2	1	2	3	1	1
Moran (Capt.), C..	1	0	0	7	0	0
Weaver, P.	2	0	1	0	1	0
Total	20	6	7	15	5	2

SPRING HILL	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
B. Dolson, S. S.	2	0	1	0	2	2
Firment, C. F.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Pardue, P.	2	0	0	1	2	0
Nicrosi, (Capt.) 3 B.	3	0	1	2	4	0
Black, C.	2	0	0	2	0	0
Walsh, L. F.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Becker, R. F.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Riffel, 1st B.	2	0	0	8	0	1
J. Dolson, 2nd B. ..	1	0	0	2	3	0
Neeley	1	1	1	0	0	0
Total	19	1	4	15	12	3

Score by innings.....	1	2	3	4	5
Chicago	0	1	0	1	4
Spring Hill	0	0	0	0	1

The Varsity this year is the best that has represented Spring Hill in several years. The team was far above last year's, both in fielding and batting. and as for the team work, superior to any that ever represented the Purple. Under the tutelage of Coach Sentell the nine got a flying start and has kept the pace till the present writing. The batting averages are as follows:

	A. B.	H.	Average
Moreda	2	1	.500
Black	29	14	.483
Nicrosi (Capt.)	33	14	.424
Becker	36	15	.416
Riffel	32	13	.406
Neely	8	3	.375
Pardue	31	11	.355
B. Dolson	31	11	.355
Walsh	37	13	.351
Firment	37	12	.324
J. Dolson	35	5	.143
O'Flinn	1	0	.000



P. J. Turregano, '10

The March number of the *Fleur de Lis* contains a very interesting article entitled, "The Absence of the Mother's Influence in the Tragedies of Shakespeare." King Lear and Hamlet are examined thoroughly from this viewpoint, and the conviction of the writer is our own, when he states in the closing words of the essay—"that, as in Shakespeare we find tragedy results when the mother's influence is withdrawn, so in life."

In keeping with the Easter season, *The St. Angela's Echo* opens with a poem entitled "Resurgam." Full of the spirit of faith that has robbed Death of its sting, it strikes the jubilant chord of joy, so proper to the feast of the Risen Christ. The literary feature of the magazine is a critical study of the late Francis Thompson's highly imaginative poem, "The Hound of Heaven."

The *Dial* of St. Mary's, Kansas, always noted for the tone of its fiction, gives us a very interesting story in the March issue, "Chrono Kathados." The essay, "The Perils of the Nation," emphasizes an alarm, already sounded in Catholic journalism, against the inroads of Divorce, Socialism and Political Corruption. In spirit with the writer, we, too, earnestly hope that our wise and far-seeing country will perceive and cope betimes with these perils.

The *Mercury* of Gettysburg keeps up its usual high standard of literary endeavor. In the essay, "The College Man and His Opportunities," we find much sound philosophy set forth with the fervor of one who understands what a treasure house is opened to the young man who is blessed with the opportunity of a college education.

From far-away Honolulu comes **The Oahuan**—excellent alike in literary productions as well as photographic illustrations. While the prose contributions were many, we regret much that no poems were to be found. We hope that this issue of **The Springhillian** will be given the welcome accorded to our Christmas number.

We gratefully acknowledge the following Exchanges which we find in

our sanctum: St. Mary's Sentinel; The Niagara Index; The Dial; The Mountaineer; The Angeline Quarterly; The Mercerian; The Bessie Tift Journal; The Marquette Journal; The St. Ignatius Collegian; The Xaverian; The Columbia; The Academy Review; The St. Mary's Chimes; The Fordham Monthly; Georgetown Journal; Chats; Old Gold and Purple; The Bartonian; The Loretto Crescent; The Morning Star and Agnetian Monthly.



